THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A TYRANT & A LADY

BY SIR GILBERT PARKER

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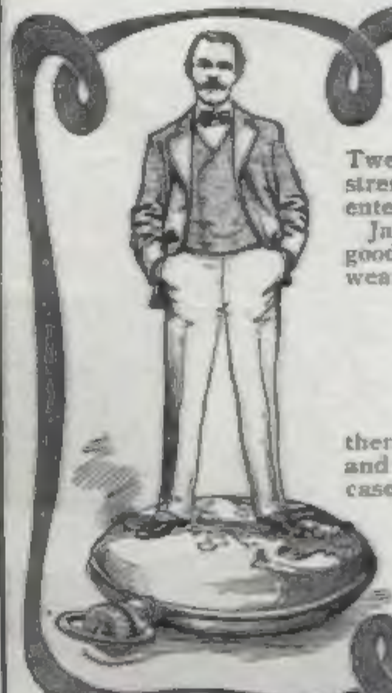

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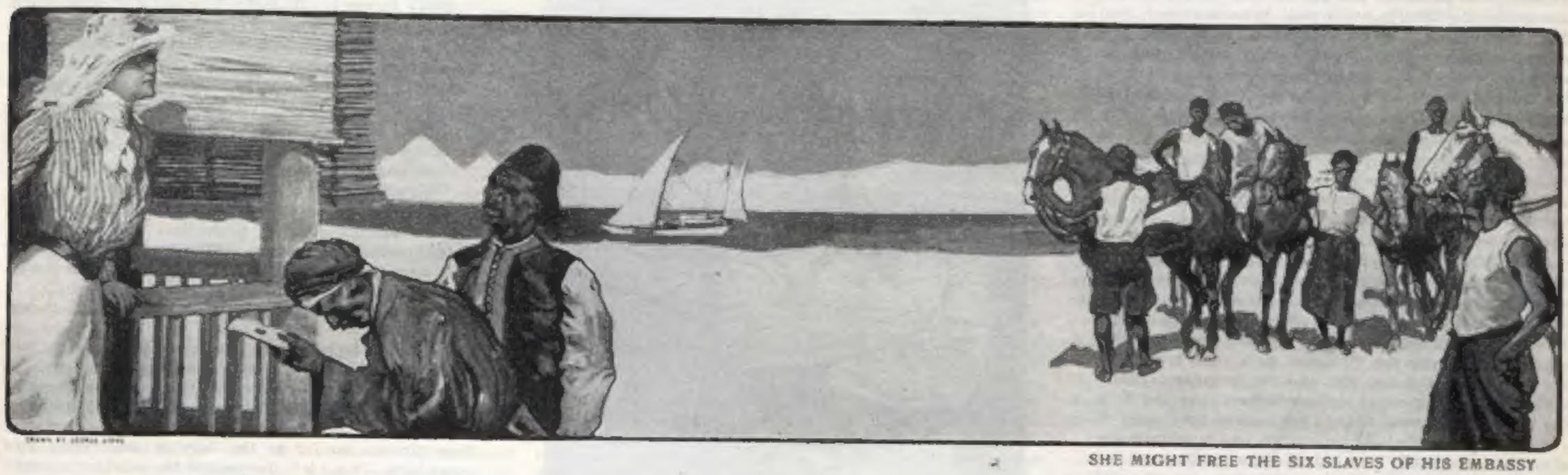
A TYRANT AND A LADY



SHE MIGHT FREE THE SIX SLAVES OF HIS EMBASSY

By GILBERT PARKER

Author of The Right of Way

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WHEN Donovan Pasha discovered the facts for the first time, he found more difficulty in keeping the thing to himself than he had ever found with any other matter in Egypt. He had unearthed one of those paradoxes which make for laughter—and for tears. It gave him both; he laughed till he cried. Then he went to the Khedivial Club and ordered himself four courses, a pint of champagne and a glass of '48 port, his usual dinner being one course, double portion, and a pint of claret. As he sat eating he kept reading a letter over and over, and each time he read he grinned—he did not smile like a well-behaved man of the world, he did not giggle like a well-veneered Egyptian back from Paris; he chuckled like a cabman responding to a liberal fare and a good joke.

A more unconventional little man never lived. Simplicity was his very life, and yet he had a gift for following the sinuosities of the Oriental mind; he had a quality almost clairvoyant, which came, perhaps, from his Irish forebears. The cross-strain of English blood had done him good, too; it made him punctilious, and kept his impulses within secure bounds. It also made him very polite when he was angry, and very angry when any one tried to impose upon him or flatter him.

The letter he read so often was from Kingsley Bey, the Englishman, who, coming to Egypt penniless, and leaving estates behind him encumbered beyond release, as it would seem, had made a fortune and a name in a curious way. For years he had done no good for himself, trying his hand at many things—sugar, salt, cotton, cattle—but always just failing to succeed, though he came out of his enterprises owing no one. Yet he had held to his belief that he would make a fortune, and he allowed his estates to become still more encumbered against the advice of his solicitors, who grew more irritable as interest increased and rents further declined.

The only European in Egypt who shared his own belief in himself was Dicky Donovan. Something in the unfailing good humor, the buoyant energy, the wide imagination of the man seized Dicky, warranted the conviction that he would yet make a success.

There were reasons why sugar, salt, cotton, cattle and other things had not done well. Taxes, the *corvée*, "undue influence" in favor of pashas who could put his water on their land without compensation, or unearthed old unpaid mortgages on his land, or absorbed his special salt concession in the Government monopoly, or suddenly put a tax on all horses and cattle not of native breed—all these and various other imposts, exactions or interferences engineered by the wily mamour, the agent of the mouffetish, or the intriguing pasha, killed his efforts, in spite of labors unbelievable. The venture before the last had been sugar, and when he arrived in Cairo, having seen his fields and factories absorbed in the Khedive's domains, he had but one ten pounds to his name.

"YOU THINK I CAN'T AND WON'T MARRY HER?"

He went to Dicky Donovan and asked the loan of a thousand pounds. It took Dicky's breath away. His own banking account seldom saw a thousand-deposit. Dicky told Kingsley he hadn't got it. Kingsley asked him to get it—he had credit, could borrow it from the bank, from the Khedive himself! The proposal was audacious—Kingsley could offer no security worth having. His enthusiasm and courage were so infectious, however, though his ventures had been so fruitless, that Dicky laughed in his face. Kingsley's manner then suddenly changed, and he assured Dicky that he would receive five thousand pounds for the thousand within a year. Now, Dicky knew that Kingsley never made a promise to any one that he did not fulfill. He gave Kingsley the thousand pounds. He did more. He went to the Khedive with Kingsley's whole case. He spoke as he had seldom spoken, and he secured a bond from Ismail which might not be broken. He also secured three thousand pounds of the Khedive's borrowing from Europe, on Kingley's promise that it should be returned fivefold.

That was how Kingsley got started in the world again, how he went mining in the desert afar, where pashas and mamours could not worry him. The secret of his success was purely Oriental. He became a slave-owner. He built up a city of the desert round him. He was its ruler. Slavery gave him steady, untaxed labor. A rifle-magazine gave him security against marauding tribes, his caravans were never overpowered; his blacks were his own. He had a way with them; they thought him the greatest man in the world. Now, at last, he was rich enough. His mines were worked out, too, and the market was not so good; he had supplied it too well. Dicky's thousand had brought him five thousand, and Ismail's three thousand had become fifteen thousand, and another twenty thousand besides. For once the Khedive had found a kind of taxation of which he got the whole proceeds, undivided among many as heretofore. He got it all. He made Kingsley a Bey, and gave him an immunity from all other imposts or taxation. Nothing but an Egyptian army could have removed him from his desert city.

Now he was coming back—to-night at ten o'clock he would appear at the Khedivial Club, the first time in seven years. But this was not all. He was coming back to be married as soon as might be.

This was the thing which convulsed Dicky.

Upon the Nile at Assiout lived a young English lady whose life was devoted to agitation against slavery in Egypt. Perhaps the Civil War in America, not so many years before, had fired her spirit; perhaps it was pious enthusiasm; perhaps it was some altruistic sentiment in her which must find expression; perhaps, as people said, she had had a love affair in England which had turned out badly. At any rate she had come over to Egypt with an elderly companion, and, after a short stay at the Consulate, had begun the career of the evangel. She had now and then created international difficulty, and Ismail, tolerant enough, had been tempted to compel her to leave the country, but, with a zeal which took on an aspect of self-opinionated audacity, she had kept on. Perhaps her beauty helped her on her course—perhaps the fact that her superb egotism kept her from being timorous, made her career possible. In any case, there she was at Assiout, and there she had been for years, and no accident had come to her; and, during the three months she was at Cairo every year, pleading against slavery and the *corvée*, she increased steadily the respect in which she was held; but she was considered mad as Gordon.

So delighted had Ismail been with a quiet, personal attack she made upon him, that without malice, and with an obtuse and impulsive kindness, he sent her the next morning a young Circassian slave as a mark of his esteem, begging her through the swelling rhetoric of his messenger to keep the girl, and more than hinting at her value. It stupefied her, and the laughter of Cairo added to her momentary embarrassment; but she kept the girl, and prepared to send her back to her people.

The girl said she had no people, and would not go; she would stay with "my lady"—she would stay forever with "my lady." It was confusing, but the girl stayed, worshiping the ground "my lady" walked on. In vain "my lady" educated her. Out of hearing, she proudly told whoever would listen that she was "my lady's slave." It was an Egyptian paradox; it was in line with everything else in the country, part of the moral *opéra bouffe*.

In due course she had come to hear of the English slave-owner who ruled the desert city and was making a great fortune out of the labors of his slaves. The desert Arabs who came down the long caravan road, white with bleached bones, to Assiout, told her he had a thousand slaves. Against this Englishman her anger was great. She unceasingly condemned him, and whenever she met Dicky Donovan she delivered her attack with delicate violence. Did Dicky know him? Why did not he, in favor with Ismail, and with great influence, stop this dreadful and humiliating business? It was a disgrace to the English name. How could he preach freedom and a higher civilization to the Egyptians while an Englishman enriched himself and ruled a province by slavery? Dicky's invariable reply was that he couldn't, and that things weren't moving very much toward a higher civilization in Egypt. But he asked her if she ever heard of a slave running away from Kingsley Bey, or if she had ever heard of a case of cruelty on his part. Her reply was that he had given slaves the kourbash, and had even shot them. Dicky thereupon suggested that Kingsley Bey was a government, and that the kourbash was not yet abolished in the English navy, for instance; also that men had to be shot sometimes.

At last she had made a direct appeal to Kingsley Bey. She sent an embassy to him—only Dicky prevented her from going herself; he said he would have her deported straightway if she attempted it. She was not in such deadly earnest that she did not know he would keep his word, and that the Consulate could not help her—would have no time to do so. So she confined herself to an elaborate letter, written in admirable English and inspired by most noble sentiments. The beauty that was in her face was in her letter in even a greater degree. It was very adroit, too, very ably argued, and the moral appeal was delicate and touching, put with an eloquence at once direct and arresting. The invocation with which the letter ended was, as Kingsley Bey afterward put it, "a pitch of poetry and humanity never reached except by a Wagner opera."

Kingsley Bey's response to the appeal was a letter to the lady, brought by a sarraf, a mamour and six slaves, beautifully mounted and armed, saying that he had been deeply moved by her appeal, and as a proof of the effect of her letter she might free the six slaves of his embassy. This she straightway did joyfully, and when they said they wished to go to Cairo she saw them and their horses off on the boat with gladness, and she shook them each by the hand and prayed Heaven in their language to give them long plumes of life and happiness. Arrived at Cairo these freemen of Assiout did as they had been ordered by Kingsley: found Donovan Pasha, delivered a certain letter to him, and then proceeded, also as they had been ordered, to a certain place in the city, even to Ismail's stables, to await their master's coming.

This letter was now in Dicky's hand, and his mirth was caused by the statement that Kingsley Bey had declared that he was coming to marry "my lady"—she really was "my lady," the Lady May Haley; that he was coming by a different route from "his niggers," and would be there the same day. Dicky would find him at ten o'clock at the Club.

"My lady" hated slavery—and unconsciously she kept a slave; she regarded Kingsley Bey as an enemy to civilization and to Egypt; she detested him as strongly as an idealistic nature could and should—and he had set out to marry her, the woman who had bitterly arraigned him at the bar of her judgment. All this play was in Dicky's hands for himself to

KINGSLEY BEY

enjoy, in a perfect dress rehearsal, ere ever one of the Cairene public or the English world could pay for admission and take their seats. Dicky had in more senses than one got his money's worth out of Kingsley Bey. He wished he might let the Khedive into the secret at once, for he had an opinion of Ismail's sense of humor; had he not said that very day in the presence of the French Consul: "Shut the window, quick! If the Consul sneezes, France will demand compensation!" But Dicky was satisfied that things should be as they were. He looked at the clock—it was five minutes to ten. He rose from the table and went to the smoking-room. In vain it was sought to draw him into the friendly circles of gossiping idlers and officials. He took a chair at the very end of the room and opposite the door, and waited, watching.

Precisely at ten the door opened and a tall, thin, loose-knit figure entered. He glanced quickly round, saw Dicky, and swung down the room, nodding to men who sprang to their feet to greet him. Some of the Egyptians looked darkly at him, but he smiled all round, caught at one or two hands thrust out to him, said, "Business—business first!" in a deep bass voice, and, hastening on, seized both of Dicky's hands in his, then his shoulders, and almost roared: "Well, what do you think of it? Isn't it all right? Am I, or am I not, Dicky Pasha?"

"You very much are," answered Dicky, thrust a cigar at him, and set him down in the deepest chair he could find. He sprawled wide and lighted his cigar, then lay back and looked down his long nose at his friend.

"I mean it, too," he said after a minute, and reached for a glass of water the waiter brought. "No, thanks, no whisky—never touch it—good example to the slaves!" He laughed long and low, and looked at Dicky out of the corner of his eye. "Good-looking lot I sent you, eh?"

"*Oosters*, every one of 'em. Butter wouldn't melt in their mouths. I learned their grin; it suits my style of beauty." Dicky fitted the action to the word.

"You'll start with me in the morning to Assiout?"

"I *can* start, but life and time are short."

"You think I can't and won't marry her?"

"This isn't the day of Lochinvar."

"This is the day of Kingsley Bey, Dicky Pasha."

Dicky frowned. He had a rare and fine sense where women were concerned, were they absent or present. "How very artless—and in so short a time, too!" he said tartly.

Kingsley laughed quietly. "Art is long, but tempers are short!" he retorted.

Dicky liked a Roland for his Oliver. "It's good to see you back again," he said, changing the conversation. "How long do you mean to stay?"

"Here?"

Dicky nodded.

"Till I'm married."

Dicky became very quiet, a little formal, and his voice took on a curious smoothness, through which sharp suggestion pierced.

"So long?—Enter our Kingsley Bey into the underground Levantine world."

This was biting enough. To be swallowed up by Cairo life and all that it involves was no fate to suggest to an Englishman, whose opinion of the Levantine needs no defining. "Try again, Dicky," said Kingsley, refusing to be drawn. "This is not one huge joke, or one vast impertinence, so far as the lady is concerned. I've come back—b-a-c-k" (he spelled the word out), "with all that it involves. I've come *back*, Dicky."

He quieted all at once and leaned over toward his friend. "You know the fight I've had. You know the life I've lived in Egypt. You know what I left behind me in England—nearly all. You've seen the white man work. You've seen the black *ooster* save him. You've seen the ten-times-a-failure pull out. Have I played the game? Have I acted squarely? Have I given kindness for kindness, blow for blow? Have I treated my slaves like human beings? Have I—have I won my way back to life—life?" He spread out a hand with a little grasping motion. "Have I saved the old stand off there in Cumberland by the sea, where you can see the snow on Skaw Fell? Have I? Do you wonder that I laugh? Ye gods and little fishes! I've had to wear a long face years enough—seven hard years, seven fearful years, when I might be murdered by a slave, and I and my slaves might be murdered by some stray brigade, under some general of Ismail's, working without orders, without orders, of course—oh, very much of course! Why shouldn't I play the boy to-day, little Dicky Donovan? I am a Mohammedan come Christian again. I am a navvy again come gentleman. I am an Arab come Englishman once more. I am an outcast come home. I am a dead man come to life!"

Dicky leaned over and laid a hand on his knee. "You are a credit to Cumberland," he said. "No other man could have done it. I won't ask any more questions. Anything you want of me, I am with you, to do, or say, or be."

"Good. I want you to go to Assiout to-morrow."

"Will you see Ismail first? It might be safer—good policy."

"I will see 'my lady' first. . . . Trust me. I know what I'm doing. You will laugh as I do." Laughter broke from his lips. It was as though his heart was ten years old. Dicky's eyes moistened. He had never seen anything like it—such happiness, such boyish confidence. And what had not this man experienced! How had he drunk misfortune to the dregs! What unbelievable optimism had been his! How had he been at once hard and kind, tyrannical and human, defiant and peaceful, daring yet submissive, fierce yet just! And now, here, with so much done, with a great fortune and great power, a very boy, he was planning to win the heart of, and marry, his avowed foe, the woman who had condemned him without stint.

On her wide veranda, a stone's throw from the banks of the Nile, "my lady" sat, pen in hand and paper-pad upon her knee. She had written steadily for an hour, and now she raised her head to look out on the swift-flowing, muddy water, where broad khiassas floated down the stream, laden with bersim; where feluccas covered the river, bearing natives and donkeys; where faithful Moslems performed their ablutions, and other faithful Moslems, their sandals laid aside, said their prayers with their faces toward Mecca, oblivious of all around; where blue-robed women filled their goolahs with water and bore them away, steady and stately; where a gang of conscripts, chained ankle to ankle, followed by a crowd of

weeping and wailing women, were being driven to the anchorage of the stern-wheeled transport-steamer. All these sights she had seen how many hundred times! To her it was all slavery. The laden khiassas represented the fruits of enforced labor; the ablutions and prayers were but signs of submission to the tyranny of a religion designed for the benefit of the few at the expense of the many, a creed and code of gross selfishness—were not women admitted to Heaven only by the intercession of their husbands and after unceasing prayer? Whether beasts of burden, the girl with the goolah, women in the harem, or servants of pleasure, they were all in the bonds of slavery, and the land was in moral darkness. So it seemed to her.

How many times had she written these things in different forms and to different people—so often, too often, to the British Consul at Cairo, whose patience waned. At first, the seizure of conscripts, with all that it involved, had excited her greatly. It had required all her common-sense to prevent her, then and there, protesting, pleading, with the kavass, who did the duty of Ismail's Sirdar. She had confined herself, however, to asking for permission to give the men cigarettes and slippers, dates and bread, and bags of lentils for soup. Even this was not unaccompanied by danger, for the Mohammedan mind could not at first tolerate the idea of a lady going unveiled; only fellah women, domestic cattle, bared their faces to the world. The conscripts, too, going to their death—for how few of them ever returned?—leaving behind all hope, all freedom, passing to starvation and cruelty, at last to be cut down by the Arab, or left dying of illness in the desert, they took her gifts with sullen faces. Her beautiful freedom was in such contrast to their torture, slavery of a direful kind.

But, as again and again the kavasses came and opened midnight doors and snatched away the young men, her influence had grown so fast that her presence brought comfort, and she helped to assuage the grief of the wailing women. She even urged upon them that philosophy of their own which said "*Malaish*" to all things—the "It is no matter" of the fated Hamlet. In time she began to be grateful that an apathetic resignation, akin to the quiet of despair, was the possession of their race. She was far from aware that something in their life, of their philosophy, was affecting her understanding. She had a strong brain and a stronger will, but she had a capacity for feeling greater still, and this gave her imagination, temperament, and—though it would have shocked her to know it—a certain credulity, easily transmutable into superstition. Yet, as her sympathies were, to some extent, rationalized by stern fact and everlasting custom, her opposition to some things became more active and more fervid.

Looking into the distance, she saw two or three hundred men at work on a canal, draining the property of Selamlik Pasha, whose tyrannies, robberies and intrigues were familiar to all Egypt, whose palaces were almost as many as those of the Mouffetish, Sadik Pasha. These men she saw now working in the dread *corvée* had been forced from their homes by a counterfeit Khedivial order. They had been compelled to bring their own tools, and to feed and clothe and house themselves, without pay or reward, having left behind them their own fields untilled, their own dourha unreaped, their date-palms, which the tax-gatherer confiscated. Many and many a time—unless she was prevented, and this at first had been often—she had sent food and blankets to these poor creatures who, their day's work done, prayed to God, and, without covering, stretched themselves out upon the bare ground to sleep.

It suggested that other slavery which did not hide itself under the forms of conscription and *corvée*. It was on this slavery her mind had been concentrated, and against it she had turned her energies and her life. As she now sat, pen in hand, the thought of how little she had done, how futile had been all her crusade, came to her. Yet there was, too, a look of triumph in her eyes. Until three days ago she had seen little result from her labors. Then had come a promise of better things. From the Englishman, against whom she had inveighed, had been sent an olive branch, a token—of conversion? Had he not sent six slaves for her to free, and had she not freed them? That was a step. She pictured to herself this harsh, expatriated adventurer, this desert ruler, this slaveholder—had he been a slave-*dealer* she could herself have gladly been his executioner—surrounded by his black serfs, receiving her letter. In her mind's eye she saw his face flush as he read her burning phrases.

She saw him, after a sleepless night, haunted by her warnings, her appeal to his English manhood. She saw him rise meditative and relenting and send forthwith these slaves for her to free. Her eye glistened again as it had shone while she had written of this thing to the British Consul at Cairo, to her father in England, who approved of her sympathies and lamented her actions. Had her crusade been altogether fruitless? she asked herself. Ismail's freed Circassian was in her household, being educated like an English girl, lifted out of her former degradation, made to understand "a higher life"; and yesterday she had sent away six liberated slaves, with a gold piece each, as a gift from a free woman to free men! It seemed to her for a moment now, as she sat musing and looking, that her thirty years of life had not been—rather, might not be—in vain.

There was one other letter she would write—to Donovan Pasha, who had not been ardent in her cause, yet who might have done so much through his influence with Ismail, who, it was said, liked him better than any Englishman he had known, save Gordon. True, Donovan Pasha had steadily worked for the reduction of the *corvée*, and had, in the name of the Khedive, steadily reduced private *corvée*, but he had never set his face against slavery, save to see that no slave-dealing was permitted below Assouan. Yet with her own eyes she had seen Abyssinian slaves sold in the market-place of Assiout! True, when she appealed to him, Donovan Pasha had seen to it that the slave-dealers were severely punished, but the fact remained that he was unsympathetic on the large issue. When appealed to, the British Consul had petulantly told her that Donovan Pasha was doing more important work. Yet she could only think of England as the engine of civilization, as an evangelizing power, as the John the Baptist of the nations—a country with a mission.

For so beautiful a woman, of so worldly a stock, of a society so in the front of things, she had some Philistine notions, some quite middle-class ideals. It was like a duchess taking to Exeter Hall; but few duchesses so afflicted had been so beautiful and so young, so much of the worldly world—her father was high in the household of an illustrious person. . . . If she could but make any headway against slavery—she had as disciples ten Armenian pashas, several wealthy Copts, a number of Arab sheiks, and three Egyptian princes, sympathetic rather than active—perhaps, through her father, she might be able to move the illustrious person, and so, in time, the Government of England.

It was a delightful dream—the best she had imagined for many a day. She was roused from it by the scream of a whistle and the *hoonch-hoonch* of a stern-wheel steamer. A Government boat was hastening in to the bank, almost opposite her house. She picked up the field-glass from the window-sill behind her and swept the deck of the steamer. There were two figures in English dress, though one wore the tarbush. The figure shorter and smaller than the other she recognized. This was Donovan Pasha. She need not write her letter to him, then. He would be sure to visit her. Disapprove of him as she did from one standpoint, he always excited in her feelings of homesickness, of an old life full of interests—music, drama, art, politics, diplomacy, the court, the hunting-field, the quiet house-party. He troubled her in a way, too, for his sane certainty, set against her aspiring credulity, arrested, even commanded, her sometimes.

Instinctively she put out her hand to gather in flying threads of hair, she felt at the pearl fastening of her collar, she looked at her brown shoes and her dress, and was satisfied. She was spotless. And never had her face shone—really shone—to such advantage. It had not now the brilliant colors of the first years. The climate, her work in hospital building, her labors against slavery, had touched her with a little whiteness. She was none the less good to see.

Who was this striding along with Donovan Pasha, straight toward her house? No one she had ever seen in Egypt, and yet in manner like some one she had seen before—a long time before. Her mind flashed back through the years to the time when she was a girl, and visited old friends of her father in a castle looking toward Skaw Fell, above the long valley of the Nidd. A kind of mist came before her eyes now.

When she really saw again they were at the steps of the veranda, and Donovan Pasha's voice was greeting her. Then, as without a word, but with a welcoming smile, she shook hands with Dicky, her look was held, first by a blank arrest of memory, then by surprise.

Dicky turned for his office of introduction, but was stayed by the look of amusement in his friend's face, and by the amazed recognition in that of "my lady." He stepped back with an exclamation, partly of chagrin. He saw that this recognition was no coincidence, so far as the man was concerned, though the woman had been surprised in a double sense. He resented the fact that Kingsley Bey had kept this from him—he had the weakness of small-statured men and diplomatic people who have reputations for knowing and doing. The man, all smiling, held out his hand, and his look was quizzically humorous as he said:

"You scarcely looked to see me here, Lady May?"

Her voice trembled with pleasure. "No, of course. When did you come, Lord Selden? . . . Won't you sit down?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"JACKY'S" PAY

By C. A. McAllister

THE enlisted men in the American Navy are the best paid of any fighting men in the world, yet, judged from the standpoint of wages received by mechanics and laborers on shore, their remuneration seems quite small.

There are so many different ratings and classifications on board a man-of-war that a comparatively small number of the men receive the same amount for their services. Generally speaking, all enlisted men, exclusive of the marines, are divided into four classes or branches: seamen, artificers, the special branch, and messmen. In each of the first three branches, there are no less than eight ratings, with wages corresponding to each. These ratings are chief petty officers, petty officers, petty officers of the first, second and third class respectively, and seamen, first, second and third class.

In the seamen branch, the lowest paid are the little apprentices, third class, who start in life with a stipend of nine dollars a month. Good behavior will advance them in course of time to the second class, commanding fifteen dollars, and then to the first class, in which they will receive twenty-one dollars. At the expiration of their apprenticeship they may be made seamen, at twenty-four dollars a month. Soberness and quickness to learn may lead to a rating as quartermaster, boatswain's mate or gunner's mate, with wages of thirty, thirty-five or forty dollars a month, according to class. Eventually, after several cruises, an apprentice may come to be a chief boatswain's mate, chief gunner's mate, chief gun captain or chief quartermaster, when he will receive fifty dollars. One possessing a fine physique and a good degree of nerve may reach the rating of chief-master-at-arms, with a salary of sixty-five dollars, the highest in this branch.

In the special branch, all chief yeomen, who are the ship's clerks, receive sixty dollars a month, and other yeomen forty, thirty-five or thirty dollars, according to their class. The bandmaster is paid fifty-two dollars per month for wielding the baton. "First musicians" and "musicians first class" do not seem to be radically different in their designations, but the cash value of the difference is four dollars a month, the former receiving thirty-six dollars, and the latter only thirty-two.

Among the messmen, the rates of pay seem to be in an inverse ratio to the amount of work required. Though the chef, bearing the title of "steward to commander-in-chief," receives forty-five dollars a month for tickling the palate of the Admiral, the plain "steerage cook," who has to hustle to prepare the food of ten or twelve junior officers, thinks himself lucky to get twenty-two dollars. The nominal rate of pay for the mess attendants, or wardroom boys, is sixteen dollars a month.

The novice who starts in the Navy will, if he ships as a landsman, draw sixteen dollars a month, but if he elects to go as a coal-passer he will get twenty-two dollars. These rates are higher than those for enlisted men in the Army who may have served two or three enlistments.

It is, of course, understood that all enlisted men in the Navy receive their board in addition to the amounts named. They have to buy their clothing, but the Government provides this at cost, so the expense is comparatively trifling.

It can well be imagined from the different rates paid that the paymaster's clerk has no easy task in making out the monthly pay-rolls, but the following considerations cause still greater difficulty. Each man who receives an honorable discharge at the end of his enlistment, and reenlists for another period of four years within four months of the date of his discharge, is entitled to an increase of $1.36 a month on the pay of his rating, and so on for each consecutive reenlistment. A coxswain fortunate enough to be detailed to the Admiral's gig or to a steam launch receives five dollars more a month than the coxswain of an ordinary boat. A seaman detailed as captain of the hold also receives an addition of five dollars. Landsmen who serve as lamp-lighters are entitled to five dollars more than the ordinary landsmen.

Since the introduction of the submarine type of vessel into the Navy a regulation has been issued providing that all men who thus emulate the lamented McGinty shall receive five dollars extra a month on account of the increased dangers and discomforts entailed by service on such craft.

A further complication in the accounts is caused by a regulation providing that there shall be a deduction of twenty cents a month from the pay of each person in the Navy, to be applied to the fund for naval hospitals. Jacky is not paid the full amount due him at the end of each month. The holding back of a part of his money, to a certain extent, guarantees his return when he goes ashore on liberty.

MRS. McKINLEY

THE WIDOW OF THE LATE PRESIDENT. HER QUIET LIFE IN THE OLD HOME AT CANTON. HOW SHE SPENDS HER TIME. CHANGES IN THE HOUSEHOLD

By Murat Halstead

THE most pathetic figure in the world is the widow of President McKinley. Her slender form in black, and pale face, may be seen nearly every day, and sometimes twice a day, in a heavy dark carriage drawn by a pair of black horses, an equipage of dignity and comfort without display, going to and from the McKinley home to the receiving sepulchre where the casket that contains the remains of her husband is guarded under the flag, and palms, and flowers. The cemetery is extensive and well kept, beautifully situated, a charming grove, grassy and shady, with pleasing roads and paths, and many memorials that gleam in the shadows or glitter in the sun.

Next to the temporary tomb protected by a detachment of regulars commanded by a lieutenant of the regular army from Alabama, the spot of greatest distinction is that destined to be the resting-place of the illustrious Chief Magistrate. The elevation chosen is a gradual slope of unostentatious but commanding conspicuity, overlooking a city of homes and land of plenty, where the utilities blend with the beauties. This is as fit as that the tomb of Washington is beside the august Potomac; that Lincoln should rest in the land of Lincoln, the broad plains and bright rivers of Illinois around him; that Grant's matchless monument should preside over the riverside of the historic and legendary Hudson; that the writer of the Declaration of Independence should be uplifted in his everlasting sleep upon a mountain top of Virginia.

There are no longer pressing crowds around the McKinley home in Canton, Ohio, but the plain, unpretending front is there, and will be remembered with the pillared mansion of Mount Vernon. The House was indeed a Home. President McKinley said of it: "We are glad to be here. This house was presented to Mrs. McKinley when we were married." It was here that the early united life of the exceedingly happy couple passed, that their children were given and taken, that the late martyred President addressed the people when first a candidate for the great office, and sometimes met thirty delegations in a day.

The Tenderest Tribute Ever Paid the President

In this sad summer the untrodden grass in the yard is green and the trees were never more lovely. There seems to be a gentleness in the winds that stir the grass and leaves—but the paths are not worn by hurrying feet and the faces lifted to regard the silent home that all men know sadden as they pass. It is as true of McKinley as it was of Lincoln and the Prince of Orange, that "the little children cried in the streets when he died"; and that was the tenderest tribute ever paid to the immortals whose gift of greatness was kindness. In the sitting-room where William McKinley, walking quickly across the hall, stooped over his wife and kissed her, saying, "Ida, the vote of the State of Ohio* has just nominated me," the pale widow sits and knits and muses, and says: "I am waiting, and my hands must have something to do." That which she knits is almost invariably slippers for women and children. She sometimes asks friends to whom she means to give her handiwork to tell her the "number" of the shoes they wear. She knits the articles one number lower than that given, because the material is very elastic, and she is sensitive that the fit shall be neat.

It is a touching incident of her gentle labors that she uses yarn always of the same quality, blue or gray. Her needles know no other color. Her selection is not accidental. It is said she finishes a pair of the blue or gray slippers each day, but she does not task herself. When told she is looking

*Author's Note—When the roll of the States was called alphabetically, Ohio's vote of 42, for McKinley, gave him a majority in the convention.

MRS. McKINLEY. FROM AN UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH

improved, her wan face contradicts the phrase. She answers: "Oh, no, I wait—it is all that I can do—there is nothing for me now in life—I only wait and want to go." She says with deep emotion and trembles with it: "I always thought my husband would survive me, but never thought he would stay long without me. I do not know how I came to think he would soon follow me if I should go first, but I did."

She has been urged to take more care of her health, and answers: "Why should I care to stay? What can there be for me until I go to him? There is nothing left for me but this." She says, quivering with anguish: "How could that man kill my husband? Why did he, how could he?—you know my husband was no man's enemy. How could it be that he was shot? Why, oh, why was it?" She does not understand it. Her voice is low, but her lamentable cry is piercing—"Why, oh, why?"

Mrs. McKinley has been, through all her sorrows, a lover of little girls, those of about the age of her own Kate and Ida when they were taken, and she became from the blow of her loss the delicate, beautiful invalid the world knew as the lily-like lady of the White House, drooping and desolate, but dutiful. In her youth she was of uncommon womanly vitality and vivacity. She was her father's fondest pet, and it was his pride, when she was educated in the schools and made a tour of Europe, that she should take a desk in his bank: and she saw from the window where she was employed a manly young student of law, a hero of the great war, whose walk had the cadence of a soldier's step. There came into their lives the old, old, sweet story, and it never was sweeter. "No other man than William McKinley," the father of his bride said, "should have married Ida."

"You know," she has said in her widowhood, "that this was the first home of my husband and me after we were married. It was very dear to us."

She says of her marriage: "My husband was at the time superintendent of the Sunday-school of the Methodist church, and his zeal in that work was great. I was a Presbyterian, and it took both our ministers to get us married—and there never was man more tender and loving—more kind and thoughtful. It seemed that without speech he knew a wish when I formed it, and our love was for every day."

A book lately written by a famous author and physician, Dr. Weir Mitchell, with a touching autograph inscription filling the title-page, was open on the mantel of her sitting-room, and had been in her hand when a caller came. Glancing at the attractive volume, she mentioned that she had been for some time under the professional care of the author, and remembered that all the time she spent as his patient in Philadelphia her husband wrote her three letters a day. She got them regularly as the morning, noon and evening came. They were a comfort to her to read as to him to write. He had to be doing his work in Congress. She treasured all her husband's letters. Every one was dear to her. A deeper shadow fell upon her face, worn with lines of sorrow not there a year ago, long sufferer though she had been, as she told of the burning. She said: "The letters, a great trunk full, that my husband wrote me, were burned in a warehouse where they were stored for safety." Her most precious possession—her husband's love letters—perished in thousands in the fire. It has been said in zeal without knowledge that Mrs. McKinley has borne up wonderfully well under her frightful trial, and is in better health than before the tragedy. It is not true. It is worth while that the world that cares for her should know the truth. She has aged since that sad, dread September, as if many bitter years had passed. There is a depth of grief newly written in her face, leaving the beauty of feature, but there is a haunting, tremulous, wistful expression even keener than her words: "There is now nothing for me but to wait, and I want to go."

There is a quivering of the eyelids, lips and chin, the still signs of woe that no light can chase away until the dawn of the blessed, radiant morning when she shall meet her beloved. Her faith that the loved, unseen, are not lost, is perfect. Her intense consciousness that she is only waiting is the weariness unto death. But she loves flowers and they soothe her. There was a story some months ago, stating the McKinley home was strangely destitute of flowers. They are not displayed in funeral profusion. The house is not burdened with them, but just tastefully beautified and fragrant. Mrs. McKinley, unconscious there had been a story of neglect, when asked whether she cared for flowers, said they were to her grateful, and "Secretary Wilson sends them to me from the White House conservatory regularly." She who watches and waits has the varieties that are her favorites, and they are enjoyed. There is a sober, becoming brightness in the bloom that softens the pervading gloom.

The President's Portrait Everywhere

The walls of the parlor and sitting-room are decorated with many likenesses of President McKinley, and the pale lady in black dwells with them in the past. The face of her husband is ever before her. She has preferences and dislikes among his likenesses. One rather grave and deep-lined face does not please her, and she says of it, "My husband never wore a scowl like that—it is not a likeness." It is, however, a work of art of high grade. She did not tolerate the suggestion that perhaps sometimes when she was not present he had the look she dislikes in a portrait. Her disposition of that suggestion was, "He never looked like that." The artist did idealize—and did not improve. She inclines to favor the more youthful pictures of the President. One she cares for has been engraved for the new ten-dollar bills, but it is not the President the people knew so well in the later years.

The McKinley home has been improved since the public were familiar with it, yet its historical characteristics are unchanged. An enlargement of the dining-room shows President McKinley had considered the future and thought of the pleasures of entertaining friends when his public work was done. Mrs. McKinley's living-rooms are those occupied by her in the days when her children were born, and the memorials of them cherished as her treasures are there. The room that was especially the reception-room of Mr. McKinley, across the hall from Mrs. McKinley's sitting-room, right and left of the front door, is not businesslike as formerly. The desks are gone. The engravings on the walls that the President enjoyed remain. The spaces partly unoccupied in other days are filled with likenesses of himself and tributes in his praise, the trophies of a career of triumph that, though closed in the gloom of a catastrophe, is triumphant still.

President McKinley was not infrequently cautioned that he was too confident of personal security, and reminded that we had lost two Presidents by assassination.

During the evening dusk and darkness of one of the fair days of the last summer the President lived for his country he was sitting outdoors with a near friend whose guest he was. There were many trees casting deepening shadows, the only lamps the stars. The President, smoking a cigar, turning to his friend, said: "There are other smokers—yonder where the grove is dark I see the live coals of cigars. Is that some of your precautionary work? Have you got detectives here on guard?" The fact was confessed. The President said slowly, as if speaking to himself: "There is no use guarding me or any one. A desperado may take my life, any life, in a moment, if willing to pay his life as the price. I cannot give attention to self-protection. If I did it would be vain; recent examples show this. I am not disposed to change my ways, and indeed do not think there is reason to do so. I must take the chances of my duties." The President's host said: "Did you ever think of it, that the fame of Lincoln and Garfield, too, is the greater for their tragic death—that their lives seemed to be crowned by their martyrdom?" The President replied: "The death of Lincoln was under circumstances that made the loss irreparable. Whenever and however death came he had done enough for immortality. Garfield was cut off just as he had grasped the great office and realized the power and duty of it, and was at home in it." Then turning to his friend, and speaking lightly to change the subject McKinley said, "I would rather have less Fame and more Fun," but as if the alliteration had beguiled him, and he had spoken too lightly, he added, "more life." He had already accepted the invitation where the assassin awaited him!

It seems clear that the consciousness the President had of his good will to man—his faith that the truth spoke for itself and for him, and that the people all knew he was without enemies, and his solicitude for their welfare—exorcised evil phantoms. The welcome he saw in the faces of the multitudes that gathered before him gave him assurance of finding favor in the sight of the people. The experience of those near him caused them to confide in the crowds that were so overwhelmingly hearty in greeting him, until the improbability that either fiend or fool would murder him seemed to become an impossibility.

It is the habit of Mrs. McKinley to go to the cemetery, where her heart and her interests are, for daily devotion. She has frequently driven over her accustomed route twice a day. A trained nurse is constantly with her sitting by her side, unless some near friend is given the place, and then the nurse sits with the driver. There is no relaxation of vigilance in the nursing, for even the airs of May, sweet with the breath of the blossoms, must not carelessly touch the lady of sorrows, for she would be chilled even when all is summer unless wrapped and cloaked. She is easily cold. The warmth of the long days is welcome, refreshes her faded face and tinges her white lips with a faint color. A jacket of fur shields her from the fresh damp air after a cooling shower.

Her customary drive is first to the receiving vault, perhaps two hundred yards from the entrance gate. Unless there is a reason, at the customary turn, for changing her drive, the first point of interest beyond the immediate resting-place of her husband is the lot where her father and mother sleep under the fair turf, marked by stately stones. The next lot, always passed at a slow gait, is that of the late President. It contains the precious graves of the children long lost from sight, always dear to memory. Farther along she halts beside the graves of the father and mother of William McKinley.

In all the tragedies of the stage there is no scene more sorrowful or dramatic situation more striking and painful than Mrs. McKinley at the coffin of her husband. As placed it rests on a direct line with the open gates. The outlook is eastward. A sentinel walks there in the uniform of the Army of the United States—"Glory guards with solemn round."

The widow walks to the head of the casket that rises on its supports from the stone floor, draped so that the colors of the flag glow through the other decoration. No persuasion can cause the mourner to cease from weeping—leaning upon and bowed over the evergreens, the palms, a few fresh flowers and the flag, weeping bitterly, lamentably, without restraint—until she summons resolution and totters away, tearful and sobbing, sinks into her carriage and falters to the old home.

Though she is without anticipation or wish for health, and almost impatient that she tarries, for there are no pleasures for her, she has consolation in the love the little children have for her. Of this she has many tokens, coming from the far-off States as well as the near, in pretty little childish letters that the angels in Heaven might have written. Over them her rare smile is seen, bright for a fleeting moment, for their sweetness touches her sorrows with infinite tenderness, and softens them for a moment.

The Consistency of Constance Croydon

By GEORGE HIBBARD

THE RECORD OF A LOVE AFFAIR THAT WORKED BACKWARDS. IN WHICH IS SET FORTH JUST HOW MUCH CONSCIENCE THE MAN AND HOW MUCH COURAGE THE GIRL OUGHT TO HAVE

FOR the Honorable Richard Hailes—he had been appointed by a "reform" Governor to fill out a vacancy in the State Legislature, but had failed in carrying a subsequent election—the position in which he found himself was sufficiently embarrassing. After almost half an average lifetime, so busily spent in historical studies and conscientious endeavors to raise the tone of local politics that he had little chance, or indeed inclination, to learn much about womankind, the discovery that he had been made sole guardian of a young girl came as a decided shock. The Hailes and the Croydons had been friends for several generations, and when Constance Croydon was left an orphan, without a relation in the world, the care of her property, and incidentally of herself, was something that he could not escape.

"I've got to do it," he complained to his sister Susan.

"You certainly have, Dick," she assented. "And you say she is coming to this country at once. Don't you think that as she hasn't got any other place to go—poor thing—that we ought to ask her here?"

The fact that Susan, who had managed the big Hailes house on the corner of Alaska Avenue and the Circle ever since she and her brother had been left alone in the world, suggested anything without first having ascertained what Hailes thought about the matter, was in itself a surprise. The idea contained in the suggestion was bewildering.

"Do you believe so?" demanded Hailes in consternation. "Then I suppose we must."

So the situation had been rendered still more trying by the arrival of a young woman at the very time when Hailes was counting upon finishing the last of the three volumes of The Financial History of the Government and People of the United States since the Adoption of the Constitution. Nor was this all, for at the first sight Hailes recognized with alarm that she was unmistakably pretty. This was a contingency that in some way he had never considered, and it was with the gravest apprehension that he had looked at her the first evening at dinner. In truth, his forebodings, it might seem, were not groundless, for that very first night, when Constance Croydon had opened the piano, which had been heard in the house only when the tuner appeared at regular intervals, and began to sing, Hailes had not gone to his library and The Financial History of the Government and People of the United States had not advanced a page.

Miss Croydon had been in the house three months and the situation was worse—far worse than Hailes had ever imagined that it might be. Nothing had been done on the history,

UVEDALE HESITATED, TURNED AND CAME BACK

and since Walter Uvedale had taken to appearing so frequently Hailes had done very little in any way. Now, as he walked up Alaska Avenue under the budding branches in the early spring afternoon, he was very sadly perplexed and distressed. The few words he exchanged with Jeafferson, whom he met coming out of the club, left him aghast.

"When are we going to hear about it?" Jeafferson asked with that fine, frank, outspoken way of his that caused people to flee before him. "Oh, you needn't deny it. The whole town knows it's true. Of course you're engaged to Miss Croydon. Why don't you announce it? And a good thing it is, too. A pretty girl, and with money. You're a crafty one. Had her all to yourself."

Jeafferson had then dug him in the ribs and gone on his way, undoubtedly to recount what he had said.

After that there was no doubt about it. The girl could not stay another day in the house. It would not be right. It would not be honorable. And even as he reached this decision Hailes felt a dull compression about the heart that was far from pleasant. He must get her away as quickly as possible. But how? The house was his own, and as his guest he could not turn her out of doors. She must be influenced in some way. And a woman would always change her mind, he knew. What inducement could be bring to bear?

He put his hand up to his coat pocket. Yes, among the letters that had come for her was one with the Barbould crest. It was undoubtedly another invitation for her to stay with them. She would undoubtedly change her mind and accept this time. Again he felt the same strange feeling of utter desolation. But he tried not to notice it.

When Hailes entered the library where Constance was reading there was purpose in his mind, and this must have communicated in some way a new quality to his step and action, for she looked up quickly as he came into the room.

"What is it?" she asked, before he had said anything.

"Why, nothing—nothing," he replied, startled by her very direct inquiry.

"But you know there *is* something," she insisted. "When a man looks out of the window or stirs the fire or takes out his watch after he comes into a room there surely is. Men are such ostriches that they always try to hide in some silly fashion that they've got something on their minds."

"Here are your letters," replied Hailes helplessly.

Constance, after opening and glancing through each one, threw the bunch on the table.

"Well?" he said.

"There's nothing. An invitation from the Barboulds."

"You are going!" Hailes exclaimed anxiously.

"And why might you expect I was going?" she demanded, looking at him critically.

"You said you weren't, I know," he admitted.

"And is that a reason?" she demanded severely.

"Oh, for a woman, I suppose," he replied carelessly.

She did not reply, but disdainfully rose and, going to the table, sat down before it.

"Really," she said, "it may astonish you, but I am going to write this moment to refuse."

Hailes stood for a moment in doubt.

"Are you sure you are wise?" he said hesitatingly.

The girl looked up.

"I mean," he continued, quailing before her glance, "that there will be people there and it might be amusing. And I understand that they have a very fine place, and"—and he concluded as if he felt it were an inspiration—"and they've got a century plant that's just in bloom."

Constance made a face that in her mind seemed to supply the first part of the sentence and briefly concluded:

"——the old century plant."

Hailes was clearly disconcerted. After fidgeting about for a moment he ignominiously beat a retreat. He should have liked to consult Susan, though he knew she would have no plan not first suggested by himself, but he felt an unconquerable repugnance to disclosing to her his reason for wishing Miss Croydon's departure. He must meet the situation alone and he felt its difficult nature.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, as he put down the paper which he had been reading before dinner. "I don't know about this."

"What?" asked his sister meekly.

"Why," he replied, "this epidemic of grippe in town. Ten thousand cases. Really, it's not safe."

"Oh, Dick, should we stay here?" Susan asked with all her easily stirred old-maidish apprehensions at once aroused.

"I haven't any fears myself," he replied. "But perhaps Miss Croydon may have," he added quickly. "You and she could run away somewhere."

The girl glanced at him and laughed.

"Do you know," she said, turning to the older woman, "that your brother is determined to get rid of me!"

"Oh, my dear!" Susan exclaimed in horror. "That is impossible."

"What absurd nonsense!" said Hailes gruffly.

"It's true," continued Constance lightly. "He came home this afternoon with his mind made up to have me go to the Barboulds', and was most careful that I should not know it. Now he wants to drive me out of town with the grippe. But I'm not going," she went on, laughing, but looking almost defiantly at her host. "I'm going to stay directly here."

At that moment dinner was announced.

Later, when he was alone in the smoking-room, Hailes lit a cigar with great deliberation and then, sitting down, stared gloomily into the fire. As he reflected he felt less hopeful and more miserable. Indeed, since he had begun his endeavor to dislodge Miss Croydon he had learned a good deal—among other things that to have her go was the very last thing he wished. But there was no other way. He was in honor bound to protect her from such gossip. He sighed deeply. It was an honest sacrifice. And the worst of it was there was nothing inspiring or heroic about it. He felt that he could have given up life willingly for her sake, and on the other hand all that he could do for her was to get her out of his house. To such base uses must love come in these days—to such a state was Romance reduced in this Twentieth Century.

As, half an hour after, Hailes came down the hall he saw that Miss Croydon, who had been playing on the piano, was now walking impatiently up and down the music-room. Hailes went and stood by the door and she paused in her restless wanderings.

"You know I don't mind smoke," she said; "I like it."

"But Susan objects—though she doesn't say so—and as it's the only positive wish which I've ever discovered that she has I try to comply with it."

"She's spoiled you," said the girl. "And I suppose you think all women are like Susan."

"I know so little about them," pleaded Hailes.

"Indeed!" answered Constance. "I've no doubt it might be better for them and everybody if they were. She never has a mind of her own."

"Ah, yes," observed Hailes. "By the way, have you changed *your* mind about the Barboulds?"

"No," said the girl angrily. "You appear to think a woman changes her mind every five minutes."

"I've understood that she did," Hailes replied meekly; "and I almost hoped that you had—on your account, of course."

Constance remained silent.

"I have been told that it would be necessary to do something to the roof—and as it is directly over the room where you are ——"

"It's a big house and there are other rooms in it," she responded promptly.

"Yes, but there will be a great deal of noise and confusion, and of course the workmen will begin very early in the morning. I thought that I ought to warn you so that if you *were* going to the Barboulds'——"

"I believe truly," said the girl, stopping in her walk and looking directly at him, "that you *do* want me to go."

"Want you to go!" said Hailes hotly. "You know that isn't true. That——" then he stopped, for though he felt that he wanted to say something he did not quite know what.

"Then why," demanded Constance imperiously, "do you always keep suggesting reasons for my going? Oh, you *do* want to get rid of me."

"You know," cried Hailes in dismay, "that is the last thing I want—that I'd give anything to have you stay. But—but," he hesitated and continued with what was clearly an afterthought, "of course, if you wanted to go."

"Have I seemed to want to go?" she asked.

"No," he admitted promptly.

"Well, then——," she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Of course," he continued lamely, "if you don't mind the workmen——"

"I don't," she replied, watching him narrowly. Then she went on: "Come and see if you can beat me at ping-pong. You know I'm eleven games ahead. No," she continued, "I *haven't* changed my mind about the Barboulds. I'm going to stay here, for—I will tell you—I have a particular reason for staying."

As Hailes slowly wound his watch that night, listening inattentively to its low chirrup not unlike the plaintively cheerful song of some late summer insect, he felt far from cheerful himself. He had been struggling to escape the thought all of the evening. She had a particular reason for staying. What could that reason be? With absolute assurance the answer was at once supplied by his apprehensions. Uvedale! Of course that was why she was staying—to see him, to be with him. Assuredly her engagement to Uvedale would put an end to the gossip that was so distressing to him, but then, as soon as she became engaged, he certainly did not wish to have her in the house where he would be obliged to see Uvedale's coming and going, and watch all the usual incidents of such a time. No, she certainly could not be allowed to remain. And why had she not changed her mind? All women did so, he had been repeatedly assured. But this unaccountable young woman had stood with unfailing steadfastness by her first decision in spite of all. It was awkward—it was distressing enough. She must go, though. What could he do? Burn down the house? In a moment of desperate impatience he almost thought of it.

"AND IS THAT A REASON?"

Susan always breakfasted upstairs and it had been from the first a custom for Hailes and Miss Croydon to breakfast together. There had been, it is true, a sort of pseudo-matrimonial character about the repast as they sat opposite to each other that had always embarrassed Hailes. The girl, on the other hand, always appeared serenely unconscious of the somewhat equivocal situation and had seemed perfectly at ease.

"Do you know," he began, "I've asked an old friend to stay with me."

"How nice," she responded interestedly.

"Yes," he said. "It will undoubtedly have its points of interest for me—seeing Bilson in this way after all those years—but there will," he continued slowly, "be disagreeable features."

"Indeed," said Miss Croydon politely.

"In the first place, he is in the deepest mourning for his grandmother, and that will, of course, put a stop at once to any possibility of having anything going on in the house."

Constance looked attentively at him with a growing smile playing about her mouth.

"And again," Hailes continued with increasing uneasiness, "he is suffering desperately from nervous prostration. There cannot be the least disturbance—not the possibility of any noise about the place."

Hailes hesitated in evident trepidation.

"You will forgive me for speaking about it," he went on, "but under the circumstances you may not mind having Tito, your black poodle, sent to the stables to stay."

Miss Croydon's eyes blazed for an instant, then she laughed. Then she looked down demurely.

"Of course not," she replied quietly.

It was evident that Hailes was too astonished to speak.

"But I thought," he stammered, "that you would not be separated from him."

"Are you suggesting," said the girl, looking down, "that *I* should be sent to the stables?"

Hailes rose impatiently and went to the window.

"What absurd nonsense!" he exclaimed. "But you see the necessity?"

"Oh, of course," she answered politely and still not looking up. "It is most reasonable."

When Hailes left the breakfast-room and went to his study he shut the door with unnecessary vigor. What he had considered a stroke of genius had utterly failed. Did he not know that Miss Croydon had once ridden for many miles, on the dustiest of summer days, in a baggage car so that she should not be separated from the beast?—as he did not at the moment hesitate to designate the dog. Now she was willing to have it banished to the stables. Would nothing induce her to change her mind and go? Hailes had never supposed such a case, and the terrible assurance was growing in his mind that she really must be desperately in love with Uvedale to hold so persistently to her determination. Instead of settling down to work on the Financial History—which had not advanced a whole chapter in the past month—he stood before the fireplace. What could be more unfortunate!

As a conscientious man and as an honorable man he was in a pretty position. And all because a woman would not change her mind. It was distressing and very perplexing. Men, he had heard, always suffer because a woman does change. He was discovering the difficulties that may arise when a woman does not.

Should he be forced to ask her to go? He felt that he never should be equal to this. Diplomacy was the only means, and Hailes felt that his life had not prepared him for dealing with such a delicate situation. Still he must do something. That was the one point that was always distinct and clear in his mind.

With a firm step he entered the library where Constance was writing letters. There was a certain stern resolution in his demeanor that could not have passed unnoticed by any one, and it clearly was observed by the girl, though her conduct as she recognized it was most unaccountable. For a moment she let her head fall on her arms and her slim body was shaken with laughter. But in a moment she looked up sedately enough.

"You seem amused," said Hailes.

"I am," she replied. "Oh, I wish I could tell you why."

"I am sorry that I can't share your merriment with you," he said stiffly. Then he went on abruptly: "I suppose Susan has told you. And of course you understand how much she regrets——"

"Yes, she told me," interrupted the girl. "She said that she would be obliged to go to Boston to see a young woman whom she was helping with her musical education."

"It is most unfortunate—just at this time when you were here," murmured Hailes.

"*Were* here," cried Miss Croydon. "Why, I *am* here."

"But of course you can't stay!" he exclaimed hastily. "You will undoubtedly go with her, or—go to the Barboulds'."

"I am not going to do either," said the girl positively.

"You see it won't be possible to remain," he broke out amazedly.

"Oh, yes it will," she replied. "For Susan isn't going."

"Not going!" he ejaculated.

"After talking it over with you"—and Miss Croydon paused, and then began laying great stress on the following words—"she has been talking it over with *me*, and she has decided that it is not necessary. I don't wonder that you are astonished." Constance continued: "Susan never had an opinion in her life before, but she has one this time."

At this moment Susan Hailes entered the room.

"You are not going, are you?" continued the girl, rising and putting her arm about the other woman.

"No, Dick," she said, not answering Constance but looking timidly at her brother. "You see I don't really think that it *is* necessary, and as Constance is in the house and, of course, as it means her having to go, why I have concluded not to do it."

"Of course, of course," replied Hailes hastily. "If it is not necessary, why that is all there is of it. And I am very glad," he concluded, making for the door. "Of course, I am very glad."

What had happened? Was it a conspiracy? Certainly it was a case of undue influence. Never had he known Susan to adhere to an opinion for any length of time. Clearly Miss Croydon had been able to impart some of her firmness of mind to his hitherto amenable sister, and the result was disconcerting and discouraging. What was a man's life worth if this sort of thing was going on?

For Hailes, as he was leaving the house, to come suddenly on Uvedale mounting the steps was anything but soothing in his excited state.

"Hello!" he said to that excellent young man, seeing that all avoidance of him was impossible.

"Ah, how do you do?" said the other, seizing his hand and shaking it warmly. "Miss Croydon in? I suppose she is, as I've an engagement to play tether ball with her."

Of course that was the reason why the girl was displaying such an unaccountable and such an awkward firmness. She wished to see Uvedale—and Hailes was obliged to admit that he was a pleasing enough spectacle of youth and good spirit.

He pounded on across the lawn toward the gate.

"Mr. Hailes!" called a firm, clear, feminine voice.

Looking, he saw that a woman had pulled up by the curbstone the trap she was driving and was beckoning to him.

"Now for it!" he said to himself and obediently approached.

"I think it's too bad," began the lady eagerly, leaning out, "that as an old friend you had not told me—left me to learn it from others. Of course I congratulate you, and I was just going in to congratulate Miss Croydon this minute."

"I beg you—I beg you," cried Hailes in a fit of abject terror. "My dear Mrs. Mercat, you must not do anything of the kind."

"I know it is not announced yet," the other said.

"But it isn't going to be. It can't be. It is not true," pleaded Hailes. "And you must not say anything to Miss Croydon. Think of what a position it would put her in and me."

"Isn't true!" Mrs. Mercat said severely; "I don't believe you. One always says such things about engagements."

"But it *isn't*, and you must believe me," implored Hailes.

"Well," said Mrs. Mercat sharply, "if you knew what every one is saying! I wonder if Miss Croydon knows. If she doesn't I think she ought to be told."

Hailes was silent in speechless apprehension.

"I think," continued Mrs. Mercat, "that it is my duty to go in and let her know it at once."

"No, no," adjured Hailes. "She does know. I assure you she does know."

"Then all that I can say," continued Mrs. Mercat, straightening herself up, "is that she is behaving very strangely for a young girl. And I'll certainly let her understand that the first time I see her. Good-morning."

As the trap drove away Hailes remained motionless. In his trepidation he had been led into a statement that he never would have made if he had had perfect control of himself. To save Miss Croydon from the distress of such an interview as he knew one with Mrs. Mercat must be, he had instinctively said what was not true. And he was a most accurate and conscientious person. Clearly there was only one thing that he could do. He must inform Miss Croydon himself of the facts of which he had said that she was already aware. And might this not be the best course? Was it not right that she should know what was being said and should he not have done this at once? That he should do it now he could not doubt, for she must know and be prepared for the onslaught of Mrs. Mercat. And would not this be the best way of accomplishing what was so necessary—her departure?—for, of course, with the knowledge of this gossip she would not stay another day. Hailes felt the same quick, deadly compression of the heart he had experienced at every thought of her going. But he was a brave man in his way—and now he faced the inevitable without flinching.

What he had to do must be done as soon as possible. Hailes glanced down the lawn by the side of the house to the space beyond, where the tether ball still swung undisturbed by the pole. He did not like to break in upon Constance and Uvedale in the house and he concluded that he must wait. Galled by the delay, which he feared must be long, he retraced his steps across the grass, debating what he should do. He would have a horse saddled and then ride until such a time as it seemed likely the young man would be gone. He had almost made up his mind to this course when he heard the front door suddenly opened and as hastily slammed shut. Looking up he saw Uvedale hurriedly descending the steps.

"Ah," said the young man abruptly coming on him; "how are you again?"

Hailes was so astounded that he paused, looking after him. Half-way down the walk to the gate Uvedale hesitated, turned and came back again.

"You will see Miss Croydon," he said hastily. "You can tell her. I forgot it. I'm going away at once for a long time."

"Isn't this rather unexpected?" demanded Hailes in profound astonishment.

"Rather," replied the other as he turned quickly. "Good-day."

Hailes made his way into the house, pondering deeply. There certainly was something more that was new. Uvedale was going. Then Miss Croydon would not stay and he might not have to tell her. There was a certain relief in this. But he could not understand it. Uvedale going away! What did it mean? Could it be that there had been a lovers' quarrel. Hailes' heart, that had been doing such unaccountable things, seemed suddenly to spring up, then settle back in its place with a new lightness. But they would make it up. Uvedale's departure was probably only a threat—was used merely to frighten Miss Croydon into a more fitting mood. And he had been told to tell her. Again, as a conscientious man he could not omit to do so. To be sure, this might save him from telling her the other story. He felt it a little hard, though, that he should be used in such a connection and at such a time as a go-between. Indeed, the Honorable Richard Hailes was finding the complications and the perplexities of the morning more than he could patiently bear. Why had not the girl changed her mind as a woman should in the first place! Such fixity of character was altogether impossible and undesirable in actual life.

"You are not playing tether ball," he said, as he came out upon the broad veranda where Constance sat sewing. At least she sat with all the appliances for sewing about her. But she was idle and her work had slipped from her hand to the floor. "No," she said shortly.

For her to utter so brief a sentence was rather unusual. As a general thing her ideas were many and required immediate and animated expression. Besides, she spoke with a serious tone that also surprised Hailes.

"I met Uvedale as I was coming in," he continued, seating himself aslant on the balustrade.

"Yes, he has gone," replied the girl listlessly.

This was exactly as he had thought. There had been trouble, and Constance was already regretting it.

"Ah," he murmured, at a loss what to say.

"It was very sudden," Constance continued. "Oh, men are so strange. Very young men," she went on, meditating, and then she concluded, suddenly looking up—"Well, all of them."

Hailes moved uneasily upon the balustrade as if he found himself uncomfortable, as he truly was.

"I suppose it seems so to a woman," he admitted.

"It seems so to this woman," she observed.

Hailes fidgeted uneasily.

"As I said," he went on, "I met Uvedale just now, going out."

This time she did not speak.

"He told me," continued Hailes, getting through as quickly as he could with the message intrusted to him, "that he was going away—going away for some time."

"There!" cried the girl triumphantly. "Didn't I say that men were strange?"

"He told me to tell you," concluded Hailes, straightening himself up. "I came to give you the message at once."

"It was very good of you," she said sedately.

Hailes moved away, paused, and came back.

"Are you still of the opinion that you are not going to the Barboulds'?"

"I see," she said, looking very squarely at him; "you think that because Mr. Uvedale says that he is going away I shall change my mind."

"I didn't know," Hailes answered hesitatingly and much intimidated by her stern aspect. "I thought——"

"I can only tell you one thing," she interrupted. "This does *not* make me change my mind. Indeed it makes me only more determined than ever."

"I don't understand," responded Hailes hopelessly.

"I know you don't," she cried furiously. "You don't understand anything about women and you don't understand anything about me. You believe, because you've only seen

"IT IS MOST UNFORTUNATE—JUST AT THIS TIME WHEN YOU WERE HERE"

Susan—who is such a dear that there is no one like her—that all women have no opinions of their own—no ideas of their own—no strength of character of their own. That they are mere flimsy things, changing their minds from one minute to the next. That is what you believe of me."

"I should think not," he said earnestly.

"You believe," she cried hotly, "that I am ready to be shifted by every breeze that blows."

"I don't—I don't," he assented fervently.

"Very well," she said. "I'm not. I know what I want quite as much as any man—and I'm not to be influenced by all sorts of silly considerations. I've no doubt you were delighted when Walter Uvedale told you he was going away. You thought that at last you would get rid of me."

"I assure you," said Hailes in dismay, "that I never had anything more unpleasant to do than to tell you. Of course I didn't believe him. I knew that it was all what he'd call a 'bluff.'"

"He will go," said the girl sententiously.

"What!" exclaimed Hailes. "He is really going—and——"

"Yes," Constance again interrupted. "He is going and I am staying. I have not changed my mind. What do you think of that?"

Clearly Hailes did not know what to think of it, for he stood staring at her in amazement.

"I will confess," he said at length, "that I believed that was what was keeping you here—that was the reason you did not change your mind."

"You see it isn't," continued the girl triumphantly. "You see that I have a mind of my own and that it is not dependent on any man."

She paused suddenly and blushed violently.

"I mean," she said, "that I can make up my own mind and stick to it."

"I know that," said Hailes grimly. "But," he continued desperately, "look here—all there is of it is, you've got to go."

"Ah!" cried the girl. "Now we are coming to the truth. Didn't I tell you that you wanted to get rid of me?"

Hailes had made up his mind that he must face it. There was no escaping it. He recalled only too well what he had told Mrs. Mercat—and duty, honor, demanded that the girl should at last know the truth.

"Get rid of you!" he replied. "There never was anything so false. But you don't know the truth. I'll tell you, though you may imagine that I don't care for doing it. You've got to go, for they are saying things that will make you go at once when you hear them."

The girl looked at him curiously.

"What they are saying," he continued hoarsely, "is the natural result of your stay in the house. Natural, no—it is most absurd, and could only, because it is so absurd, be invented by spiteful gossip. They are saying that you and I are engaged—you and I."

"I know it," replied Constance calmly.

"You know it!" he exclaimed in amazement.

"Is it the kind of a thing that a girl would be likely not to know—to feel?" she said.

"But—but," he stammered, "how long have you known it?"

"Oh, for some time," she said lightly.

"And you have not gone?"

"No," she replied, "and I am not going now."

"But it is not right," he cried; "it is not fair to yourself——"

"I think I might be a judge of that," she answered.

"I can't understand it," he continued. "I can't allow it."

"Well," she said, smiling, "I don't see what you are going to do about it if I don't change my mind and I insist on staying."

"It isn't right," he repeated. "I can't suffer it—having your name used in that way because you are in my house. Do—what can I do about it?" he said quickly. "I can go away myself, and I will."

"Oh!" exclaimed Constance in sudden consternation.

"I should have thought of that in the first place. It is what I should have done at once," he went on hurriedly. "You can stay here with Susan. Nothing can be said—and it will be all right."

There was a short pause.

"If you go," said Constance at length, slowly and firmly, "then I *will* go to the Barboulds'."

"What!" he cried. "If I go you will go?"

"Yes," she said, looking away and playing with a spray of the vine that was twining about a column.

"But that," he said in a low voice, taking a step toward her, "will not keep them from saying that we are engaged—will make them say it all the more."

"Well," said the girl, twisting the leaf about her finger.

"Then you don't mind this—this mad talk?"

"Not in the least," she said softly and in a very low tone.

"But it is such an insane idea."

"Is it?" she asked, for one moment looking up at him.

"Isn't it?" he demanded breathlessly and drawing still nearer to her.

She did not answer.

"Constance," he said, "if you don't mind their saying this—it can't be that you would not mind its—being!"

"At least you might ask," she said so low that he could hardly hear her.

"Wouldn't you?" he asked, bending toward her.

"No," she said.

THE COPPER KING

THE ROMANCE OF A TRUST

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Joint Author of Calumet "K"

"I'M SO GLAD FOR HER" WAS ALL SHE SAID

CHAPTER XII

THE handshake, and the "Here's luck" which followed it, marked a long stride in carrying out the project I had struggled toward so long, but it didn't take us out of the woods by any means. I soon saw that there was grave danger ahead in little personal animosities between the different members of our combination. Cooper both disliked and distrusted Halstead, as I was inclined to do myself until I found that although Halstead wanted to appear better than the rest of us he was really no worse, and that the cant of his explanations and protestations was quite harmless. But Cooper was a long time coming to that view of him. Another difficulty, harder to put up with patiently, was Armstrong's ill-concealed contempt for Rosenblum and for Frankenburgher, Armstrong regarding it as a form of patriotism to look down on and insult all foreigners. He never spoke to Rosenblum at all when he could help it, and he bawled at poor Frankenburgher in a way that roused his just indignation.

But all these little frictions slowly wore away under the good-humored spirit of give and take which pervaded our daily counsels. What really saved us from wreck was that all discussion of the affairs of the trust was open and aboveboard. There were no private confabs and hence there were no cliques, no inner circle, and precious little, if any, suspicion or jealousy.

The organization we effected was the regular old-style "trust," familiar, I suppose, to almost everybody. The companies composing it retained their individual corporate existence, but all their stock was lumped together to form a trust fund, and against this fund we issued certificates. The earnings were, of course, pooled, and dividends paid on the certificates.

Our first move was to close all the smelters except the Northwestern, and Frankenburgher's, down the river, where the falls provided an unlimited power for practically nothing. Then we spared neither thought nor money in bringing these two plants to the very highest level of efficiency, and the result was no less gratifying to me, who had foreseen it, than to the others who had taken up the plan somewhat reluctantly, and who were vastly surprised by the gains we made. It was not until then, until our increased profits were a tangible reality, that I felt sure that my long-cherished scheme was a success.

So much for ourselves; now for Stanley's side of it. As I said, he knew before the election that he had lost the railroad, and he took his defeat with stoical indifference, and when the facts concerning our pool became public property he opened hostilities himself with a furious attack upon us. I was glad he did, for if he had been disposed to ask us for terms it would have been hard, in spite of my resolution, to refuse him.

His first move was a drastic one, obvious but not very wise: a deep cut in the price of copper, made in spite of the fact that we were producing it more cheaply than he could. I suppose he thought we would meet his price, and that my allies would soon grow discontented with selling copper at a loss, abandon me, and mix up in a general scramble. But we didn't meet his price. We fixed a price of our own at which we made a small though decent profit on every pound we sold, and there we held it. He could market all his copper, it is true, but it was at a loss, and when people had bought his they had to buy ours, too. A glance at the reported consumption of copper in our country during those years, when electricity was striding forward as the great rival of steam, will make that situation clear. And so while he lost we gained.

We had him, in fact, bound hand and foot. If you will look over the ground you will see how true that is. His mine, the Crœsus, was richer than any other in the district, except, perhaps, the Birthday, but we more than made it up in the smelting, for we did by water-power what he had to do with coal. Remember that he had to buy his coal of us. His only way of escape was shut off by our possession of the railroad. There were other smelters in the country where power was free and other things were favorable, and which could be made to run as cheaply as ours, and if he could have got his ore to them he could have competed with us to some advantage. But, though giving of rebates was illegal, there was nothing to prevent our putting as high a freight tariff on ore as we pleased, for we had occasion to ship nothing ourselves but refined copper.

I confess, frankly, that the business wasn't much to my taste. It had been easy when I was in Stanley's grip, when gossip had already set the date for the completion of my ruin, to declare that some day I would deal with him as he was trying to deal with me; it had still been easy, when the outcome hung in doubt, to plan aggressively and eagerly for his overthrow. But now that I had him fast it was a different matter to go on steadily and relentlessly tightening the screws. There seemed to be nothing else to do. I am sure he must often have studied out the situation and have seen, as I have indicated it above, that it was hopeless. A man fighting merely for a commercial advantage would soon have given up the fight, but that was not what Stanley was fighting for, and after the struggle had gone on and on, always to our advantage, but never to the enfeebling of his attack, it looked as though Armstrong had been right when he said that the man who owned the Crœsus could never be completely routed.

As I said before, I'm not trying to give a history of the war as a whole. We attacked each other at every point, and the State was torn in two by our quarrel. He attacked us through the courts whenever he could find a pretext, and we him; he raided our stocks in Wall Street and elsewhere, and we retaliated upon his; the names of the great national parties in politics were, in our State, the most convenient way of designating his faction and mine. The row was carried into society, into the schools and the churches, it was in the air, and all the while the din of it was echoed in the columns of the Argus and the Daily News. When I think back over those times and remember what a futile affair it was, and how many years it lasted, dragging itself along from month to month, I wonder how we stood it. I suppose we got so used to it, just as we were used to sulphurous acid gas before I improved the smelter, that we took it as the natural state of things.

It seems, looking back at it, as though with strokes and counter-strokes following as fast as they did, that we could have done nothing but fight, that the ordinary conduct of business must have been suspended, all pleasures given up, and that we must have lived every hour at the highest tension of excitement. But that wasn't the case at all. We lived just about as we have lived since, dividing up our time between the big house in Red City and the smaller, pleasanter one which looked out on the winding river and father Jansen's broad meadows. We took little vacation trips, too, and some more extended ones, and once we got as far away as Venice.

By a tacit understanding, however, Cooper and Rosenblum and I were never all away from the post of duty at the same time. The others in our little association were not very alert or quick to see just what this or that move might mean, and alertness was still necessary. We had Stanley in a net, it is true, but we weren't sure that, if left quite to his own devices, he might not break out.

We recognized pretty clearly that there were two weak spots in that net and those we watched most carefully. One was our control of his transportation facilities; the other, the doubtful legality of our trust. This latter weakness I did not at first take very seriously, though Lawrence, who saw farther ahead than I, warned me that it would be more likely to prove our undoing than the other.

However, during the earlier years of the struggle the former danger was the graver one, and he came rather near getting one or two schemes through by which he could have transported his raw ore cheap to some cheap smelter, and so have competed with us on even terms. He tried to get in with the Northern Railroad first, and when he found us ahead of him there he began dickering with the Chicago and Pacific, which crosses the continent two hundred and fifty miles farther to the south. They would have been glad enough to run a branch up our way and capture some of the business of their northern competitor, but we got wind of the move in time and succeeded in getting through a territorial agreement between the two roads which put an end to his hopes from that quarter. He never gave up fighting along that line though, and when the war came to an end, as I shall recount presently, he had a railroad from Red City half-way down to Bridgetown, every inch of the construction of which we had opposed.

But as time went on, and Stanley's resources lessened, the danger of his getting another railroad grew less, and the other danger grew correspondingly greater. There was an anti-trust law in our State, but though it was extremely stringent I classed it among the merely ornamental ones which adorn the books. The best lawyers unanimously declared it unconstitutional by virtue of a clause which excepted from its provisions all combinations of agriculturists or stock-raisers.

Stanley brought suit against us under this statute, and under Dutton's skillful guidance—Dutton was at the head of our law department now, for Lawrence was getting ready to go to the Senate—under his guidance the case crawled along, from one court to another, toward Washington, the poor statute getting a sound drubbing from every judge who passed on it until at last the Supreme Court put it out of its misery.

But our glee over this triumph was short-lived. Public sentiment, which Lawrence had talked about so solemnly years before, was aroused all over the country against trusts, and not, I admit, without plenty of reason, though much of the manifestation of it, in the newspapers and on the stump, was unreasonable enough. Well, we snapped our fingers at it and pretended we didn't care, but the great Public did care, and at last its sentiment crystallized into a Federal statute which contained no nonsense about "farmers and stock-raisers." When they brought suit for the dissolution of our trust under that statute the shoe was on the other foot. We had a consultation about it, and Dutton, so sure before, was grave and non-committal, and the utmost cheer we could get out of him was that we weren't whipped yet. Lawrence, whom I believe to be one of the greatest constitutional lawyers in the country and whom I hope some day to see in the Supreme Court, talking the case over with me privately, declared pointblank that the law would "hold water," and that our dissolution was only a matter of time.

"Well," said I, "then we'll make the time as long as possible."

That was the course Dutton took and every expedient that legal skill and experience could suggest was used to delay the end. Indeed, as is well known, it was not on our case, but on another just like it, started in another State and put forward with more expedition, that the court of last resort passed the judgment which once and forever put an end to such combinations of capital as ours. We were not taken by surprise, but that fact made the last meeting of the directors of the Bent River Copper Trust, about our table at the City Club, none the less gloomy. We had the lawyers there, and from luncheon-time we talked till it was time for dinner, and then, having eaten dinner without leaving our chairs, we talked along into the evening without discovering the easy way out of the trouble. We were all on the wrong track. What we tried to hit upon was an agreement loose enough to leave us outside of the law, but strong enough to keep us together. If there was a plank of safety between the devil and the deep sea none of us was shrewd enough to find it, and Dutton condemned all our schemes and we scoffed at all of his.

And then, about ten o'clock at night, when we had exhausted every possibility, and sat staring at each other, mum and disgusted, the great inspiration which was to cut short Stanley's triumph as he had cut short ours, the plan on which we ought to have acted years before, the plan so simple that it should have taken a great genius to discover it, was naively put forward by the stupidest man in the room.

"——— it," said Armstrong, for that was his usual preface, "I say we let the law go to blazes and just organize one big company."

He went on talking, but none of us heard him; we just sat and looked blankly at him. Then I glanced at Cooper and found him looking at me. There was a combination of chagrin, amusement and triumph, all three, in his face, and I felt as though I ought to be looking the same way.

"Confound you," said Cooper to Armstrong. "Why didn't you say that two hours ago?"

"Or two months," said I.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

"I didn't mean it seriously," said Armstrong. He had spoken like a prophet, not knowing what he said

"But you can bet your bottom dollar we'll take it seriously," said Cooper, thumping the table so that the glasses jumped

I turned upon Dutton. "Can you show us anything the matter with that?" I demanded, but Dutton was still dazed

"Look!" I went on. "We incorporate——"

"Under the laws of New Jersey," put in Cooper

"Under the laws of New Jersey," I assented; "the—the Northwestern Metals Corporation. That corporation buys—*buys*, mind you—the White Eagle Mine, the Ore Summit Mines, Mr. Halstead's and Mr. Frankenburgher's Mines, and the Birthday, besides the plant and property of the Northwestern Ore Company. Is there anything on earth to prevent that?"

"Provided, of course," went on Cooper with a grin, "that it has money enough and the owners can be induced to sell."

"Yes," said I. "With that provision can you say anything against the legality of that, Mr. Dutton?"

"No," said Dutton helplessly, but he had not got over the shock yet. "No, I cannot," he repeated, "but—but I'm not ready to give you an opinion on it to-night. It's altogether too easy to be true; that's the trouble with it. I'll talk with you about it in a day or two."

With that he took his leave abruptly, for the scheme had given him a tremendous shaking up. What troubled him seemed to be a line of reasoning which has clouded over many a problem as simple as two and two, namely, that there must be something the matter with it or so absolutely easy a solution would have occurred to him long ago

But though he pondered over it many days and consulted about it for many more he was not able to discover a single loophole through which the existing law or any other could be invoked against us. And since that day nobody else has been able to discover one, either. That step—you may believe we took it promptly—made our final victory as sure as a mathematical demonstration, made escape from our net a matter beyond human possibility

But it didn't put an end to the fight; rather it seemed to make the struggle of the man in the net only the more desperate. He had the alternative of selling out to us for what price we might choose to pay, or of keeping up his present tactics until there was nothing left to sell, and he seemed to have chosen the latter

How that long war was ended at last is something that it is now time to tell It was by no crushing victory of ours, I doubt if any victory could have done it. I think you will agree with me that it was Adele Broughton who began the feud between me and my friend. The materials for the fire, I admit, were all there, and were none of her gathering, but she put the torch to the pile Well, it was Barget who quenched it

If you have understood this story I have been telling, if you have credited me with frankness and honesty in the telling of it, you will believe me when I say that I took small pleasure in watching the hopeless struggle my old friend and enemy was keeping up, that I wished often that if we must go on fighting it might be on more even terms; that I was utterly sick of the whole wretched affair

Barget and I talked about it a good deal and she often asked me if I could see no way of making an end of it We had once sent Cooper to ask Stanley to put a price on his property and come to terms with us, and when I remembered the defiant answer our envoy had brought back, and then recalled my own last talk with Stanley, the absolute finality in his voice when he had said it was too late and had reiterated his old threat, whatever hope of a peaceful settlement Barget had started in my head always faded away, and I would make her the old answer that there was no way at all.

Meanwhile the years were treating us kindly. Our two daughters, Barget and Dorothy, arrived in due succession after young Christian Jansen, and the three children in course of growing up took most of their mother's time and gave her plenty of trouble as healthy children do, so that even without a single friend outside her family she would hardly have had a chance to feel lonely. But there were friends, as I said, who had stood by us through the darkest days, and there were pleasant acquaintances, some newcomers, and some of the old ones who came back to us, after some little embarrassment and hesitation, when the storm had blown over Society came back promptly, and with no embarrassment whatever.

I think, after all, that society is pretty just, or if that is too good a word, at least pretty consistent It exists on an assumption of moderate prosperity, it demands payment for its pleasures in like coin, and, recognizing its limitations, knowing that it cannot honor a draft on sympathy, it is chary of having such a draft made upon it. You cannot blame it if it scurries for shelter when it sees a storm coming, for its clothes are made for fine weather. So when it came back to us as soon as the sun of good fortune shone out strong again we welcomed it, enjoyed as many of its pleasures as Barget's babies left her leisure for, and indulged in no unpleasant reminiscences

Adele Stanley, however, did not remove her boycott. She was like her husband, defiant, unbending, apparently determined to carry the fight to the last ditch. Their hospitality was as lavish as ever to those who stood by her in ignoring us, but though she continued to hold a good many to their allegiance for a while, her company grew smaller and smaller, and toward the end she was much alone, and the big house was nearly always dark.

Through all the years the couple had been childless, and it was with some surprise that we heard—this was just before the end came—that a son had been born to them. The fact seemed to have some strong significance to Barget; she recurred to it several times during the evening after she had told me the news.

Later she fell silent for so long that I asked her where her thoughts were. "I'm so glad for her," was all she said

I was a good deal puzzled and I said so. "I can see how you can forgive her," I said, "at least to the length of wishing her no particular harm, even though you know she would do all her mischief over again if she could, to-morrow. But to be 'glad for her' is such a different thing"

"I know it," Barget answered, "and I feel a little ashamed about it. I mean because I'm so inconsistent. I don't forgive everybody else who hurts me, at least not that way. But I've been sorry for her right along; sorrier for her than for him, though I suppose she's more to blame than he is. I can't explain why, at all, unless perhaps it's because you used to be so fond of her—but in a way I've always put myself in her place. I don't try to, I just do. I was sorry for her when people began to let her alone, and to talk about her and about him, just as they used to talk about us, and now that she has a baby to make her happier and—and better, just as my baby made me—I'm glad for her."

HE SAID JUST WHAT HE HAD SAID BEFORE: "IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT, DRAKE."

The child was but a puny little creature, it seemed, and it lived only about a fortnight. I heard of its death in the afternoon before I left my office, and I made a point of going home a little earlier than usual, for I guessed what effect the news would have on Barget

I knew the moment I saw her that she had heard it. She was giving the children their supper in the nursery, and she was laughing with them and at them just as she always did, but when the meal was over and it was time to say good night, she hugged them all, even Dorothy, who always went to sleep over the table and who protested uneasily, and kissed them with a kind of passionate affection unusual with her, until it seemed as though she could not let them go, and I knew what was in her mind. She had gone back to our own dark days, when a son had been given her to comfort her, and was thinking how she would have felt if after a few short days he had been taken away from her

She controlled herself while we sat at dinner, but afterward, when we were alone in the library, she came to me and, putting down her head on my shoulder, sobbed like a child. I did not try to say anything, just held her quietly, and at last, with a long, tremulous breath, she sat up and dried her eyes

"There," she said at last, "now I'll be good again. But," she went on quickly, "there is something you must do right away. Tell me you will do it. You must stop the war. It can't go on after—after this."

But I had to shake my head. "If stopping it had rested with me it would have stopped long ago. But it's out of my hands. There's nothing—nothing in the world that I can do that wouldn't make it worse."

"You mustn't say that," she began, but I interrupted her.

"If I were to go to his office to-morrow on such an errand he would turn me out of it. He would think I had come to take advantage of his grief, to put the screws on again, and I shouldn't blame him."

"Not to-morrow," she said. "I didn't mean that. But write him a note now and send it to him. Tell him it has gone on too long and it must stop; it mustn't go past to-night."

"I haven't any right to do that without talking to the others."

"Talk to them to-morrow. They will agree to anything you say; even if they don't want to, you can make them. But to-night it's just between you and him."

Half unwillingly, for a methodical business man of my age cannot mix emotion and business without an effort, I took up a pen and a sheet of paper and made a start. That sheet was crumpled up and thrown aside, and another and another after it, until in despair I asked Barget to dictate it to me

The note began without address, and it ended without formality, just with my name, and it contained barely more than just the phrase she had used in urging me to write it, that the struggle between us must stop, forever, to-night.

I sealed it up and sent my man with it—the Stanleys lived only a block away—and then we waited there in the library, Barget and I, for the outcome. Now that it was dispatched our positions were reversed. Barget was sitting in a big chair, all her accustomed serenity come back, while I paced the room in an excitement which grew greater as the moments crept by. Neither of us spoke, until at the end of half an hour I stopped in my walk. "He won't come," I said

We heard the bell ring before the words were out of my mouth.

"He has come," said Barget confidently, and she came over to where I stood and kissed me and left the room. A moment after she had gone out Stanley came in.

"Are you willing to talk business with me for half an hour?" he asked His voice was harsh and not very steady

"I'm glad you've come," said I Sit down."

He looked at me steadily for a while, and neither of us spoke. I was casting about for the best way to begin, but it was he who broke the silence.

"Time was, Drake," said he, "when you looked, and felt too, I guess, an older man than I. But I've more than caught up with you." He made another pause, and then went on: "That's not what I came to say. You wrote me that this fight of ours must stop. Well, you timed that pretty well. It has got to stop. I'm at the end of my rope. I've had enough. You can make whatever conditions you fancy. I'm not likely to quibble over them to night."

His voice was under control now It had the old defiant sneer in it, that stung me as it never had stung before. For a moment my anger at the taunt had possession of me, but I mastered it and answered him quietly

"I think you know better than that," said I; "I think you know why I wrote the note to-night. I said our war must stop, and I said it because common decency won't let me carry it any further. One way or another we must make an end of it, here and now."

"There's only one way," he said. "It's too late for anything else. There can't be peace between us while we're within striking distance. One of us must go, and I'm the one. What property I have here is worth just what you choose to pay for it. I'm through.

I was not looking at him, and I asked him a question, something about the condition of his property, but he didn't answer me, and glancing at him I saw he hadn't heard. His thoughts were somewhere else, and as I was preparing to repeat the question he began talking, more to himself than to me

(Concluded on Page 18)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin, in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

¶The negative young man cannot produce positive results.

¶The luxury of travel increases every day, but it can never equal the luxury of staying at home.

¶Now comes the autumn novel, with the first edition exhausted before the reader has had a chance.

¶In the West the servant-girl problem is being met by cooperative kitchens. Now the only trouble is to get servant girls for the new kitchens.

¶Santos-Dumont's ocean trip in a flying machine has been postponed for various reasons, chief of which is that the American million he asked for was not forthcoming. But a good flying machine ought to be able to rise above such trifles as that.

Women as Kickers

THE women of America need no advice from any one on moral questions, as witness what the power of women did in a Southern State campaign against a Congressman who had been proved of unfit character to represent an upright body of people, and later what women did in a national fight against a Western Congressman who reckoned their power so little that he even attempted to take his seat in Congress in defiance of public opinion. Everybody admits that those two instances represent a fight of two men against the women of America, and who won? That shows what women *can* do, and it has never been alleged that in either instance any woman went outside of her woman's sphere or was unwomanly in any effort she made in the cause of pure representation and good government.

A senseless and ridiculous system of "kicking" against everything and everybody is not urged. The chronic complainer is a nuisance to himself as well as to his neighbor, although, if we were forced to choose between the chronic "kicker" and the chronic lamb of a citizen who bears all municipal injustices patiently, and who meets all attempts at reform with the watchword, "Don't make a fuss about it," we should choose the kicker. For a chronic kicker, though he may often be too catholic in his efforts, is bound sometimes to kick a goal from the field of a righteous cause. Therefore, while we do not approve of his ubiquitous methods, we boldly claim that even the chronic kicker comes nearer to being the ideal citizen than the meek sheep of a man who bears all imposition without protest.

In the matter of personal rights, nothing uproarious or unsexing need be advocated. A little consideration of the matter and a little quiet and persistent effort in one's own immediate circle of friends is all that is necessary. The American woman uses tact with men as naturally as she breathes. That is the reason she gets everything she wants.

First, be sure of the law on the matter. Never write a letter or utter a public protest until you are sure you are within your rights as bounded by the laws of your State. You will be amazed at the excellence of your laws and ordinances and the criminal laxness of their enforcement. And here is an excellent place to suggest that women inform themselves on the subject of law, inasmuch as it affects their own lives. Let them study municipal law in particular and instruct their girls as well as their boys on the ordinances governing their own city. Most of the things which harass and annoy you could be done away with if you only knew how well you are protected by law. But not enforced, you say? Well, whose fault is it but yours? You have influence. Use it. See to it that deafening noises and foul odors and unhealthful practices are stopped.

But, before you attempt to cast out the mote from the public eye, reflect a little for fear the beam of selfishness is in your own eye. Are *you* maintaining a public nuisance? Do you practice on your piano before other people are up and after they have gone to bed? Is your husband learning to play the flute? Are your children allowed to run wild and whoop and yell, regardless of the woman who is writing a book in the apartment above you? Do you keep a dog and does he bark with sheer dog spirits and the delight of living, and do you encourage him in it, regardless of the poor spinster within hearing who hates curs?

Have you built your house out of line, so that it cuts off your neighbor's view? Have you built a spite fence? Do you race your automobile along public highways frightening horses and causing accidents to gratify your own selfishness? If you do any of these things you are not a good citizen. If your husband does them, and you do not try to influence him to desist, you are not a good citizen. If you are not training your boys and girls in thoughtfulness and consideration to their neighbors and friends; if you do not train them to stand up for their rights and to demand that when good laws are enacted they shall be enforced by the weight of a persevering public opinion, you are lacking both as mother and as good citizen; you are not doing your duty to your children or to your country or to yourself.

The Good Fellow

AN OFFICIAL of a Western city has disappeared in circumstances which indicate that well-founded criminal charges would have been made against him had he remained at his post. Yet we are told that the fugitive is still held in high regard by many of his fellow-citizens, for the reason that he is "a good fellow." His reputation in this respect did not date, as is usual with good fellows in politics, from the time when he got in touch with the city's purse-strings. It began many years ago when as a practicing physician he visited the invalid poor free of charge, and even furnished medicines to patients too poor to pay for them. Thus he acquired the affection of thousands who benefited by, or had heard of, his kindness of heart. His disposition did not change when he got into politics, and he seems to have been mentally unable to refuse the demands made upon him, although his personal means were unequal to them.

Good fellows of his kind are not uncommon in classes other than political, and they are among the curses of society. A generous disposition does not imply that its possessor has a proper equipment of moral qualities, or, indeed, that he has any moral qualities at all. Society is full of good fellows who give big dinners and other entertainments, the price of which is borrowed, without prospect of repayment, from men who dislike to refuse anything to a good fellow. Sometimes it is even abstracted from trust funds, or withheld from the necessities of the good fellow's own family. Business circles are full of good fellows who are always ready to "take a night off with the boys," or to lend their money, or to indorse notes for their friends. Sooner or later they come to grief and find no one to help them, for every man of means knows that no one can help a spendthrift, but the example of such downfalls does not deter other entries for the good fellow championship.

The good fellow, as a rule, is merely a man of generous impulse who is too weak to say "No" to himself or any one else.

As to National Decadence

M. DELCASSÉ, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, combats the prevalent idea that France is decadent. He reminds the pessimists that since the disasters of 1870 the Republic has built up a splendid army, a magnificent fleet and a world-wide commerce, and has come to the front in international politics. He might have added that France remained supreme in art and literature, and very near the top in science. These are things more important than armies or navies, and they are not the marks of a decadent people.

The truth is that there is nothing easier to say than that a nation is in its decadence, and nothing harder to prove. Every people, not excepting our own, has had its periods of apparent degeneration, and every one has invisible stores of health and energy that contain the potency of an unexpected revival. France under Louis XV and England under Charles II appeared ready to drop to pieces with rottenness; yet each lived to furnish a spectacle of fierce vigor that astonished and terrified the world.

It is doubtful whether history can furnish an instance of a nation that died of internal decay. Philosophers talk about the inexorable laws of national mortality, but the simple fact is that there is no such thing as natural death for a nation. The nations that have died have died of external violence, and if they had been let alone they probably would have been living yet. Japan, whose reigning dynasty dates from before the time of Solon, and China, which was an empire before Abraham led his herds into the wilderness, are as vigorous as they ever were. China, indeed, is often spoken of as an example of a decadent nation, but the decadence there is simply in the methods of government. The people are sound, and a sound people can always recover from bad government if outsiders give it a chance. Spain and Turkey, the other stock specimens of decadence, are in the same position.

The future world-polity will draw contributions of value from all races, and in the process Anglo-Saxon self-complacency is likely to have a good many disturbing surprises. Certainly mankind will not be able to dispense with French wit, tact, clarity of vision, precision of thought, artistic imagination and devotion to logical ideas, and as long as France can furnish these things she will be in no danger of falling into decay.

The Way to Disarm

A FEW years ago it was the Czar of Russia who dreamed the dream of European disarmament. Now it is the King of Italy. And again Germany, with her splendid military blade of tempered steel which she thinks no other Power can match, puts a veto on the project.

If we wait for all the nations of Europe to agree to disarm it is not likely that this generation will ever see the scheme carried out. There will always be at least one country that will think its interest lies in keeping continually in training. But why should those nations whose backs are breaking under the weight of useless fleets and regiments wait for relief until the Powers that like such loads agree to join them in taking them off? Why should not Italy, for instance, do her own disarming without asking Germany's permission?

Suppose the Italian Government should say: "We are going to stop loading our people with taxes for an army and navy that have never fought a civilized enemy since Italy got her natural frontiers thirty-six years ago, and are never likely to fight another. We are going to turn a quarter of a million young men from idleness to productive industry. We are going to organize a national militia system on the Swiss model, that will give us a million riflemen for home defense at less than half the cost of a quarter the number of regular soldiers. We are going to mind our own business, and leave international high politics to those who can afford the luxury."

Would the sky fall if that were done? Would France invade Italy for the mere pleasure of getting into trouble, with Germany glowering over her own frontiers? Would Austria, with the present dominions of the Hapsburgs crumbling to pieces under their eyes? Would Switzerland? Would San Marino? These are the only neighbors Italy has.

The Power that first disarms will have such an accession of genuine national strength that the others in mere self-defense will have to follow its example. But some one Power will have to have the courage to take the lead. To wait for all to act at once is to wait forever.

The Captains of the Farming Industry

THRESHING SCENE IN OKLAHOMA

SOME MINIATURE STORIES OF THE WESTERN WHEAT BARONS—THEIR LIFE, THEIR WORK, THEIR METHODS, AND THEIR ACHIEVEMENTS

By WILLIAM R. DRAPER

THE economical and successful management of a 160-acre tract of farming land requires less business ability than manual labor; but to conduct upon a paying basis farms containing several thousand acres the order is changed from muscular power to brain work. In the Middle West are numerous large farm-ranches whose owners are modern captains of industry. These men are solving problems and carrying on enterprises upon their farms worthy of the brains of great trust builders. And in many instances their income is quite as large. Those who have spent a lifetime in one community trying to get a fortune out of soil-tilling would be astonished at the magnitude of farming upon the plains of the Southwest

The average size of each of the five million farms in the United States is 146 acres. This small average is due to the quarter and eighth section farms in New England and the South In the Western division there are larger farms than in any other portion of the United States, the average size being 1000 acres in Oklahoma and Western Kansas and Texas In Indian Territory the average size of each Indian's holdings is 500 acres. The Western division also shows a larger increase in prices of land than in any other section

Farming and ranching have changed greatly within recent years. The modern farm in Kansas, Oklahoma or any prairie community west of the Missouri River is no more like its predecessor, the ranch of a score of years ago, than is it similar to an old New England homestead. But the principal difference is in the management. The West is rapidly filling in with home-seekers, who are in turn taking all the Government lands open for homestead entry. Indian reservations, formerly nothing but vast cattle ranches, are being thrown open to white settlement. The redskins are given farms of their own and told to go to work. Fifteen thousand redskins were placed on their individual allotments in 1901, and 1300 farms were given away to white settlers. This rapid settlement of the West means a concentration of farming and ranching interests. The 1000-acre farms are not being reduced in acreage, but they are being turned over to more expert managers

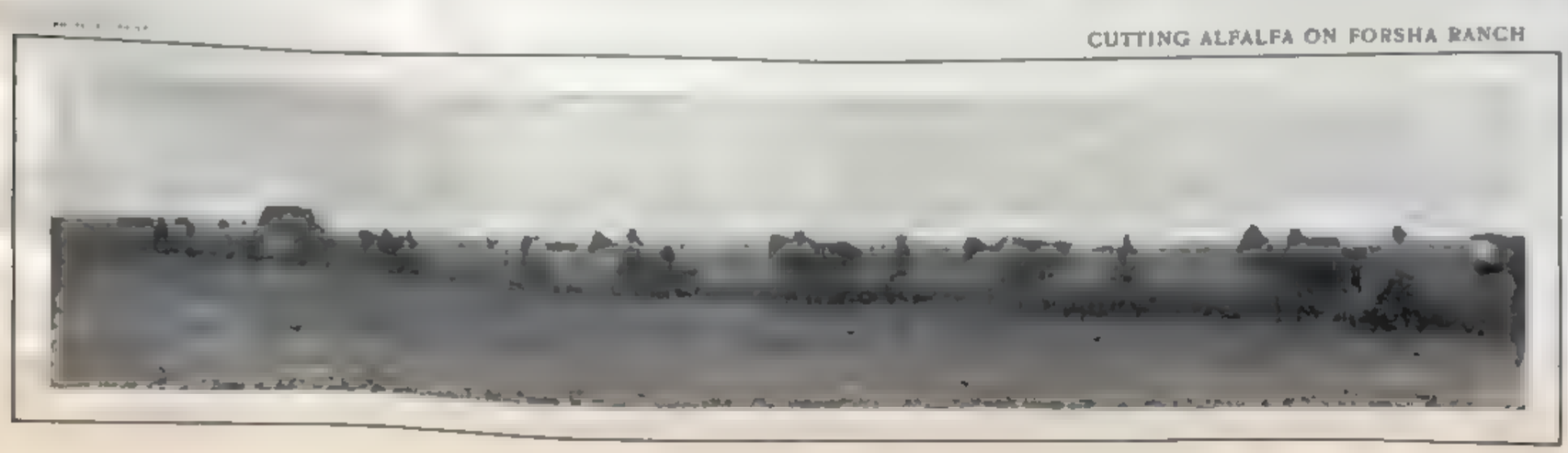
It is not the purpose of this article to show in detail the management of these immense ranches, but to deal with certain farmers and ranch owners whose original ideas for "running" their places have made them known all over the West, and caused their farm-ranches to be copied in crop production and rotation of planting These men are the real industrial leaders, just as much so as the manager of a great steel mill or a railway system. They have handled the soil carefully, like a florist his bulbs or an engineer his engine. The earth has given to them its bountiful resources. It seems to the onlooker that farming in its various branches has been reduced to a science

If you possess not one cent of money it is almost immaterial which way to turn if only you get employment, but if you owned a million or so dollars would you buy a ranch with it in hopes of making it pay better than any other investment? Men of millions, men of even smaller fortunes, are doing this every day, and they are reaping rich returns. One of them is Frank Rockefeller, known as the former vice-president of the Standard Oil Company. Mr. Rockefeller owns a 14,000 acre tract of land in Western Kansas which yields him profits beyond what were his fondest hopes when he invested, a number of years ago. His specialty is raising fine blooded Shorthorn and Hereford cattle for the fancy stock market. And the ranch is equipped especially for this purpose, with a feed mill, ventilated barns and reservoirs, to give the stock every opportunity for easy fattening. He came to Western Kansas twenty years ago and bought land in the "short-grass" region for a mere trifle. This land lay along Soldier and Medicine Creeks but it needed irrigation to produce crops every year. Ditches and lakes were spread over the ranch until to-day Mr. Rockefeller is cutting three or four crops of alfalfa from his fields while others are cutting but two. His system of stock feeding has proved more than successful, and while other shippers are lamenting their inability to purchase feed, he is sending fattened steers to the market at every season.

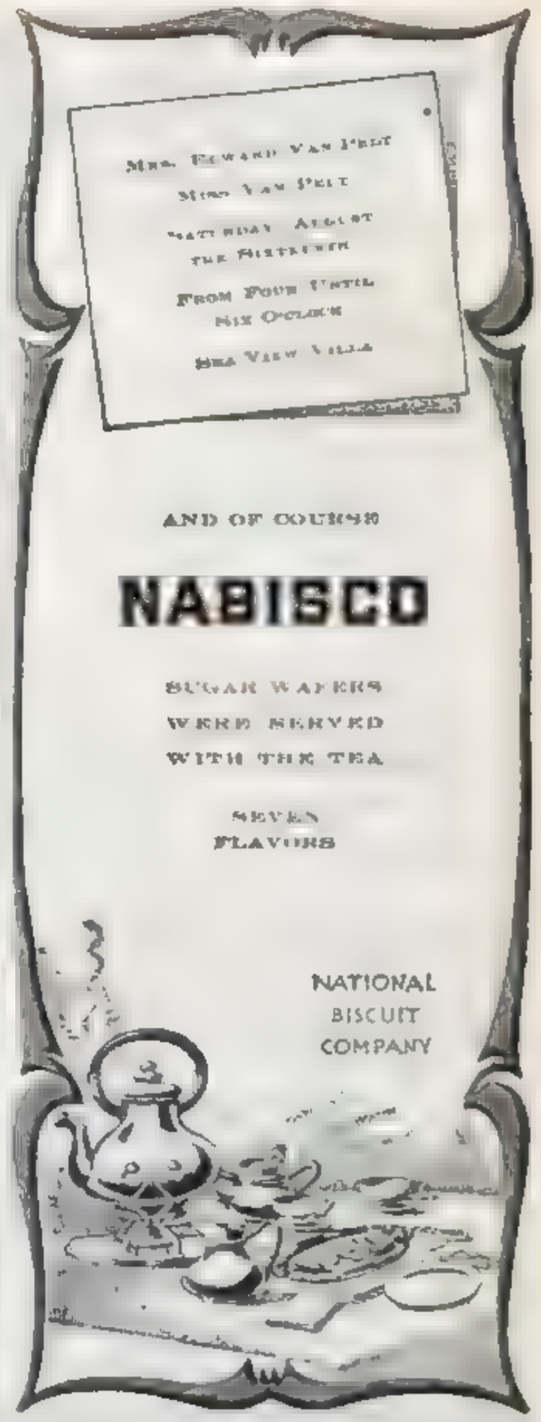
Mr. Frank Rockefeller, although he is a millionaire member of several of the Eastern corporations, takes real delight in being known as a ranchman of Western Kansas "The happiest days of my life are spent on this ranch, far out here in Kansas," Mr Rockefeller told me. He is at home on the ranch, and it is his own ideas that have placed him in the present high position he holds as a cattleman, farmer, and president of the Western Cattle Breeders' Association

The Rockefeller ranch has no telephone connections with Belvidere, the nearest station, located on the Santa Fe Railway. This is Mr. Rockefeller's supreme idea of solitude and absence from the business world. Whenever a messenger from Belvidere visits the ranch with a bunch of telegrams he always waits until the multi millionaire has finished his farm work then in hand. As an expert in the care of Hereford and Shorthorn cattle Mr Rockefeller ranks high He never calls for a veterinary surgeon when there are sick cattle in his barns. Mr. Rockefeller abhors notoriety. Indeed, he dislikes to be known as a millionaire, but rather as a man who looks for the value of every dollar spent. He wishes to be on a level with his associates In Western Kansas he is known as a "short-grass ranchman." Once, when his family came to the ranch from their home in Cleveland, Ohio, they were accompanied by several stylish friends. At Wichita the Pullman is removed from the train Mrs. Rockefeller chartered the Pullman to go to Belvidere. As it was the first elaborate car that had ever journeyed through this short grass region the natives flocked to the tracks to see it go by To this attention Mr. Rockefeller objected, saying it would give him a bad name among his neighbors. No more Pullmans go to the Rockefeller ranch. Mr. Rockefeller's business methods are strict. When he buys blooded steers he carefully reckons the profit to be made on each lot. When he holds an auction of fine cattle he personally conducts the sale.

There are men in the Southwest who have had remarkable careers. One of these is John W. Stewart, one of the few Kansas millionaires. He lives at Wellington. Strictly speaking, Mr. Stewart could not be called a farmer any more than the man who furnishes capital to railway builders could be called a railroad man. He commenced with no capital at all. He is now sixty years old and his whole line of investments is in farms in Kansas, Oklahoma and the Southwest He began work in a butcher shop at twelve years of age, moved West at eighteen and took a job driving a carriage for a real estate firm in Wichita, Kansas. It was his duty to show land intrusted to his firm for sale to Eastern investors. Whenever he came across a real bargain he used his own money in buying an option on it, and soon his own sales were as large as the firm for which he was working For five years Mr. Stewart was a land speculator in Wichita, dealing in city and county transfers of real estate. One day he was



CUTTING ALFALFA ON FORSHA RANCH



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BATTLE CREEK, MICH

TORONTO CANADA

taking a supposed investor over Sedgwick County

The man drove through a number of farms, asking who held the option on this land, that and the other. To every question, Mr Stewart replied that he was the present owner The man began to look the youth over

"You seem to hold more land than your firm, sonny. How does that come?" he asked

"No, I am just showing you my places first."

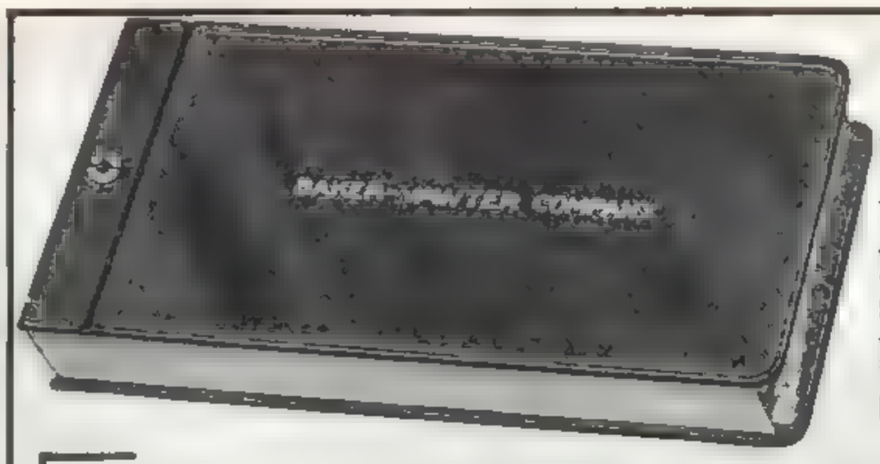
The man proved to be a member of a big investment concern in New York and he asked young Stewart, then barely twenty-three, to go to Wellington and accept the agency for them. He went. His profits from $50 were $8000 in five years. From then on Mr. Stewart became "bullish" on Kansas farm investments. He went into farming for himself. Wheat raising became his hobby. His fields now aggregate 50,000 acres. He has steadily bought farms with the profits of his fields, until now he owns 150 farms in Kansas, 40 in Oklahoma, and others in Nebraska and Iowa. Some of them contain 1200 acres, none less than 160. He takes one-third of the crop for his rental. If there is a good crop he wins; if not, he generally comes out even. He has scattered his farms over differently climated territory, so that a drought in one section will not affect his other farms. In 1897 his profits from the Letter boom in wheat were sufficient to buy him twenty quarter sections in the best wheat raising section of Kansas. Whenever others are trying to sell out and leave the country because of a droughty season he is always buying. Mr. Stewart tersely remarked during the corn-burning season of the year 1901 "Droughts make me more money than fair weather." And the increase of farming land since then has proven the truth of his assertion. He credits his success to a close study of farming, strict attention to his tenants and never allowing the smallest profits to pass by unnoticed. He would never rent his farms for cash, preferring to interest himself in crop raising instead of collecting

Mr Stewart's personal energy dominates his hired men. It is noticeable that while he is on his farms the men work harder and accomplish more, not because he insists that they shall, but the feeling that every one must hurry in order to keep up with the "boss" prevails. He visits his ranches once or twice a year. None of the men are asked to quit work when he visits them; on the other hand, he goes into the field and works with them to get at their system. Mr. Stewart is small, heavy of build and walks with a quick gait. He never takes a vacation, but combines pleasure with his business trips. Mr. Stewart does his own office work, and attends to many trivial duties that employees could do just as well. He says that while sweeping out his office, hoeing his own garden or doing farm work, he can study out the problems of deals to much better advantage

A Ranch with a Hundred-Mile Fence

M. M. SHERMAN

TO THE farmer who carefully cultivates forty or eighty acres a 40,000-acre farm is something of a curiosity M. M. Sherman has such a ranch in Central Kansas Every year he sells from this ranch 2500 fat beeves, feeds an additional 6000 annually, and cultivates 5000 acres. The farm is divided into three parts; over each is a foreman. A boarding-house is allotted to each division for the workers. A telephone system connects the entire ranch. The day's work is planned by the foreman the night previous and by him telephoned to each district manager. For instance: If there is a field of wheat unduly ripened because of hot sun or wet earth beneath, this fact is reported to the foreman, who may take some of his plough drivers from their regular duties to harvest the overripe wheat. But under ordinary circumstances every man has his work to perform. In the fall, after the wheat and oats have been harvested, three to four thousand acres are sown to forage crops, such as kaffir corn and millet. Two thousand calves are born on the Sherman ranch every year. The cattle fattened for the market are fed not only rough feed but ground feed of all kinds. The ranch is seventeen miles



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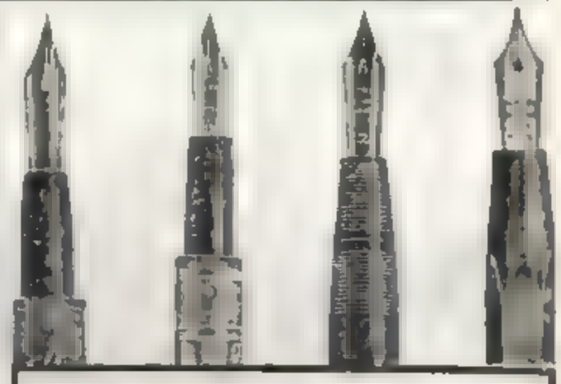

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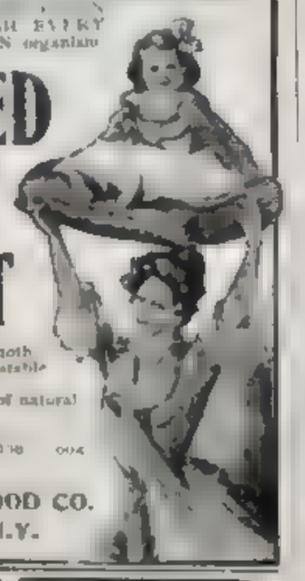

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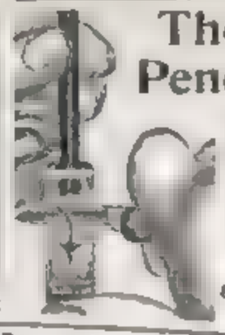

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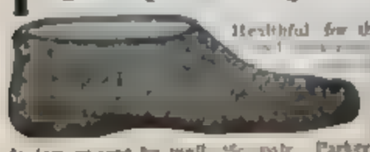
Healthful for the hot chamber, bath [illegible]



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In soft, rough finish. Colors Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix

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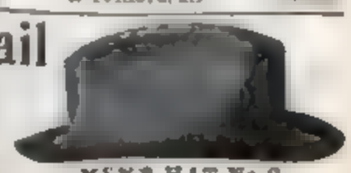

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WRITE for our new Fall Catalogue and Samples, which are now ready. If you wish to secure a Suit, Skirt or Cloak of the newest cut at the most reasonable of prices.

Remember that we have no ready-made garments, but make everything especially to order. If the garment does not please and it can be returned and *the money will be refunded*. Our Catalogue illustrates

Cloth Suits, in many styles and fabrics, $8 up.

Fashionable Costumes, lined throughout with fine taffeta silk, $15 up.

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Rainy-day Suits and Skirts; Suits, $10 up; Skirts, $5 up.

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Long Jackets, $10 up. Short Jackets, $7 up.

We Pay Express Charges Everywhere.

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For PLEASURE and PROFIT

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Everywhere to sell our Beautiful

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long and has a fence line of 100 miles. In summer one can ride through sixty-two square miles of corn and wheat in a single field. The men go to work at seven o'clock and quit at seven, with two hours at midday. Every district foreman reports by telephone to Mr Sherman at night the work done during the day all over the ranch. The employees are paid, on an average, $20 a month, with a bonus of $5 in harvest time. If a man is married he is given $10 a month additional. Although the ranch is devoted principally to breeding, fattening and selling cattle, it produced over a million bushels of wheat this season. Mr. Sherman is now trying to do away with horse-power and is using traction engines to plow, harvest and haul the grain.

The largest farm-ranch in the Southwest is "The 101" in Northern Oklahoma. This ranch is managed by Joseph Miller, whose economical plans for wheat growing and cattle feeding have attracted the attention of experts all over the country. The 101 ranch covers 50,000 acres, has a fence line of 150 miles, and 8000 acres are sown to wheat. Eight thousand head of cattle are shipped annually. The expenses of the ranch are $75,000 annually, with an income of $175,000. Two hundred men are employed during the harvest time, and forty to fifty the year round. The land over which The 101 ranch stretches belongs to the Ponca and Otoe Indians, and a rental of $22,500 is paid them annually.

Mr. Joseph Miller, whose plans have made this ranch famous, is thirty years old. He has been a banker, a cowboy and crop expert. He became friendly with the Ponca and Otoe Indians during the Oklahoma opening. A railroad company at that time had a lease on the pastures comprising The 101. Their lease was ready to expire. Mr. Miller took the Indians to Washington and secured the lease. He called it The 101 ranch in honor of several noted chieftains. Mr. Miller has established a system of double-crop planting and pasturage of certain fields that doubles his profits. For instance: after a wheat field has been cut in mid-July the ground is disked and sown in kaffir corn, which grows high enough to be pastured before time for the sowing of wheat in the fall. This gives two uses to the wheat fields. After corn has been laid by in June, between the rows are planted cow-peas, a crop that does not need sun to grow and thrive. When the corn is harvested in September the cow-peas are high enough to be pastured. Mr. Miller figures that $10 worth of fat can be put upon a steer through feeding two acres of kaffir corn. The corn costs $5.50 to raise. He always feeds the steers through the winter upon ground feed. A great deal of his seed wheat and corn are drought-proof, having been imported from Paraguay and Russia, and mixed with native seed. By his methods of harvesting he can raise wheat on The 101 for $6.05 per acre which costs $6.65 elsewhere in Oklahoma. He runs from fifteen to twenty binders, one following behind the other in cutting the wheat; other crops are gathered on the same extensive scale. In appearance Mr. Miller is a typical cowboy. A few years ago he was known at the various cattle exchanges of the West as the best-dressed trader who visited them. But he has found that clothing made to fit the man does not take on a farm-ranch where one employs all classes of people. Typical cowboys hate the sight of a well-dressed man. The ordinary farm hand is apt to "guy" them. After several seasons of style on The 101 ranch Mr. Miller gave up the idea, and to-day, while his clothes are of the best material, they hang loose, his hat is wide of brim and spurs dangle at his heels.

Miller is a typical frontiersman in his actions. He rides as well as his best cowboy, he enjoys a dance in fantastic costume with the Indians that surround his reservation, and he is liberal of heart. By the Indians he is considered a man after their own heart, so far as white men go in their estimation. Others have tried time and again to lease the lands upon which The 101 fields are situated, but White Eagle, chief of the tribe, said: "As long as we own the land the Millers keep it." Not long ago The 101 became known far and wide because of a signboard upon which was printed

"Five dollars fine for any one passing this patch of melons without taking one."

Everybody decided to heed the signboard's warning and there were no fines assessed, but the Millers gave away 500 acres of water melons that year. Now they are shipping these melons East, but no objection is made to helping one's self from their patches.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two papers on this subject by Mr Draper.

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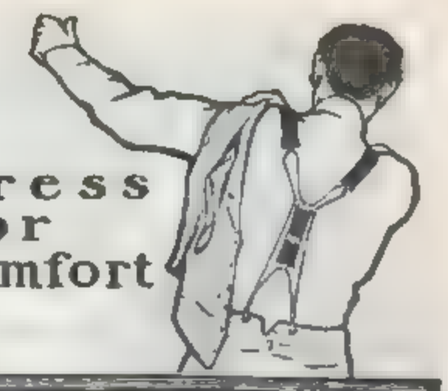

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of your life is secure—if you assure in the Equitable on the Endowment Plan. If you die early your family will be provided for. If you live you will reap the harvest yourself.

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Makes, Keeps and Restores beauty in Nature's own way

THE cup-shaped teeth have a suction effect on the skin that smooths out wrinkles, rounds out the beauty muscles, and gives perfect circulation of the blood.

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A machine that will take your photograph, develop it, and present it to you in a frame, with a pin attached to the back for affixing it to a garment—all in two minutes by the watch—will soon be installed in every railroad station of importance and in other public places where a harvest of nickels is to be gathered.

You drop a nickel in the slot, and then detach from the machine a handle, which retains connection with the apparatus by a wire. Then you sit down in a chair still holding the handle, and observe yourself in a small mirror placed for that purpose in the front of the machine. When you have the proper attitude and expression you press a button in the handle, and immediately a brilliant electric light is flashed upon you. At the same time a bell rings, and continues to ring while the exposure lasts.

The exposure is only about two seconds, during which, of course, you are expected to stay perfectly still. You may then get up from the chair and relinquish the handle, inasmuch as the machine will do the rest. The plate which has been exposed is automatically immersed in a developing bath, where it remains for five seconds. Then it goes into a fixing bath, where it lies for twenty-five seconds. Then it goes into a chemical wash for a few more seconds, and, emerging therefrom, is almost instantly presented to you, framed as aforesaid, and with a pin at the back.

Of course, the plate is developed not as a negative, but as a positive. Furthermore, it is already contained in its little frame, with a pin attached, when it is put into the machine. Hence no time is lost in supplying the frame with the portrait, and the latter is produced complete inside of two minutes. The chemical wash which succeeds the fixing bath is, of necessity, a prompt drier.

This novelty is the invention of a Cleveland man, and is expected to earn a big fortune for the manufacturers, who are turning out the machines by thousands at the present time, confident of a jingling shower of five-cent pieces.

Surgery Aided by the Sheep

One of the most curious of recent medical discoveries has to do with a fluid extract derived from a gland in the sheep, which is used for the purpose of preventing bleeding during certain surgical operations. Its action is said to be so powerful that a small quantity of it, though diluted with one thousand parts of water, will almost instantly bleach to whiteness the skin or mucous membrane to which it is applied, causing the blood vessels to contract so that there is little or no effusion incidental to the cutting.

The organ from which the extract is obtained is called the adrenal gland, and is just above the kidneys. It is found in man and in other animals, but is taken by preference from the sheep for the purpose of getting the peculiar substance described. The gland is first sterilized, and then macerated with a mild solution of salt in water. Then it is passed through a sort of colander, and the resulting fluid is the final product, ready to be put up in bottles.

In operations on the eye it is a great help to the surgeon in getting rid of blood, the effusion of which interferes with his work, and for this reason oculists are said to have found the extract most valuable. To the patient, also, it is a relief, inasmuch as the eye which has been under the knife does not, under this sort of treatment, present a gory aspect for some weeks afterward. The extract is likewise employed in surgery of the nose and throat, being applied with a piece of cotton on the end of a probe.

The quickness of its action is wonderful, not more than thirty seconds being required for its full effect. Apparently it takes an almost instantaneous grip upon the blood-vessels, stopping the circulation through them. At the same time, its effect is said not to extend in the slightest degree beyond the area to which it is applied, and to last for quite a while, being readily continued as long as may be desired by repeating the dose.

Successful experiments are said to have already been made with this new medicine in the treatment of a certain kind of goiter, for which it seems to be a wonderfully efficient remedy.

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$1 BRINGS IT POSTPAID RETURNABLE

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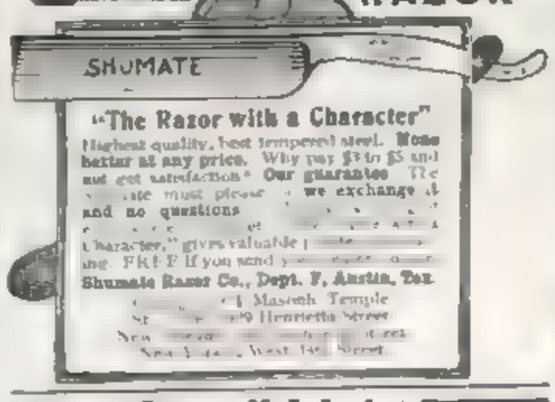

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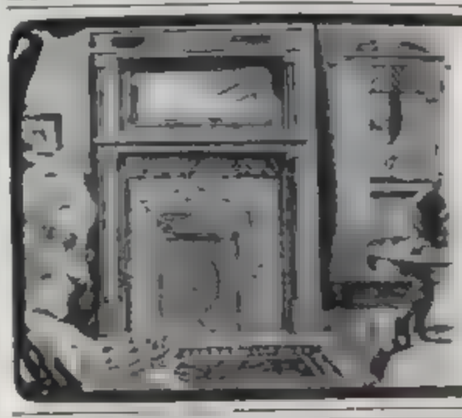

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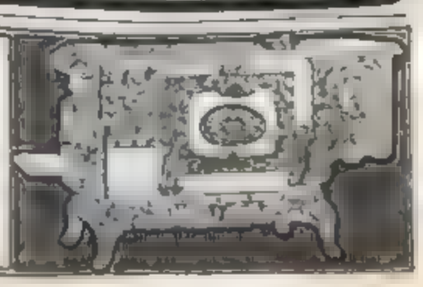
at [illegible] the freight. You decide for yourself by [illegible] bargain. If not, return it at our expense. The trial will [illegible] of our stoves and ranges have patent [illegible] superior in quality. Our catalogue describes every [illegible] plan of selling. Write for it

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.



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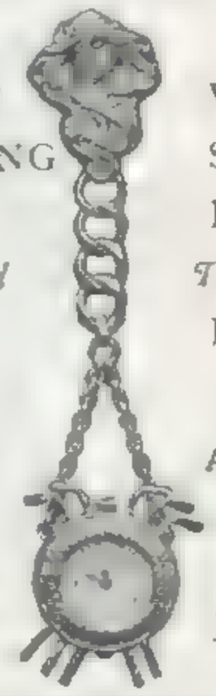

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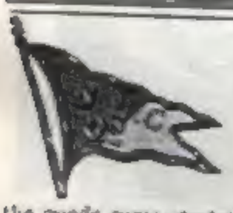

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Bad News for Moths

Natural camphor seems likely to be driven out of the market by a new laboratory product, which can hardly be called an imitation, inasmuch as it is just as truly camphor as is the product of the camphor tree. It is, in fact, one of the most valuable and interesting achievements of synthetic chemistry up to date.

Long ago—perhaps as much as fifty years since—a product, to which the name "artificial camphor" was given, was obtained by treating turpentine with muriatic acid. Turpentine, by the way, is related to camphor, and the substance evolved in this manner smelled like camphor, tasted like camphor, and felt like camphor. Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it was not camphor, but merely an ingenious counterfeit.

The really important discovery was reserved for an inventor who has just secured a patent on his process. It is very simple, and consists merely in heating turpentine with oxalic acid, treating the resulting mixture with lime, and distilling the product to separate the camphor evolved from the borneol with which it is mingled. Then the borneol is oxidized to convert it into camphor.

Borneol, it should be explained, is a compound closely allied to camphor. It has been obtained from a good many species of plants, and it has no important economic use. Camphor, on the other hand, is derived only from the *Laurus camphora*, a tree native to Eastern Asia, which attains huge size. The commercial camphor is obtained by chopping the tree into chips, and distilling the latter for the volatile gum they contain. Japan, Formosa, Borneo and Sumatra are the principal sources of supply.

The synthetic process being so easy, and the materials employed being so inexpensive, it may be expected that camphor will drop in price, and that a condition of affairs presaging unprecedented discomfort for moths and other devouring bugs will soon arrive.

Imitation Coffee

Pretty nearly everything imaginable has already been used in the production of imitation coffees—especially grains, which are treated in various ingenious ways to render the decoctions palatable. Of course, the object of the manufacturer is always to give to the imitation as much as possible of the taste of the original—an aim to which important help is given by a newly patented process.

The process consists in taking a quantity of wheat, or any other cereal, and subjecting it to a high temperature, so as to drive out of it all of its moisture. When this has been accomplished the grain is in a very porous condition, and it is easy enough to introduce into it (in a closed chamber) fumes from roasting coffee. In that way enough of the volatile essential oil and caffeine from the coffee are deposited in the pores of the dry grain to give to the latter a decidedly coffee-like flavor.

It is claimed that not enough of these elements are introduced to be harmful to anybody; but, anyway, it is a clever method of beating the devil around the bush, and the consumer—who has given up coffee in the belief that it is bad for him—is encouraged, while enjoying the flavor of the real article, to believe that he is not transgressing his doctor's orders.

A large part of the flavor of real coffee lies in the "caramel"—that is to say, in the burnt sugar and starch which the cooked berries contain. All cereals hold sugar and starch, and when they have been roasted these substances are converted into caramel. Hence it is that any grain thus treated affords, with the help of a little imagination, a passable imitation of coffee.

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The seedless "navel" orange is now the foremost commercial variety in this country. Derived originally from a few cuttings obtained from "freak" trees in a swamp on the banks of the Amazon, and forwarded to Washington by our Consul at Bahia in 1872, the fruit is actually an orange within an orange—as anybody who cuts one in two may discover—the "doubling" appearing even in the blossom.

The business of growing it in California now employs 13,000 persons and $40,000,000 of capital.

A seedless lemon, also, has been secured recently in California, and in Florida a grower named Marsh has succeeded in evolving an almost seedless grape-fruit.

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HIS MYSTIC MAJESTY, the VEILED PROPHET, whose chosen city is St. Louis, hath again, as a special token of his royal favor, and to give his faithful servants elsewhere an opportunity to see St. Louis at its best, decided to make his annual advent in the fall of 1902 one of unusual splendor and rejoicing. There will be special revels and sports; great enterprises in process of growth; enormous structures for the great World's Fair of 1904 in progress; brilliant street pageants and scenes of wonderful beauty—all this in the far-famed autumn weather of his chosen city.
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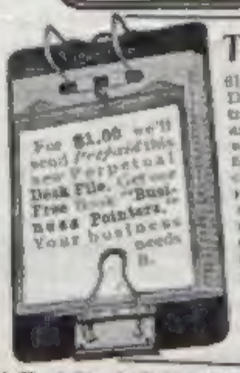

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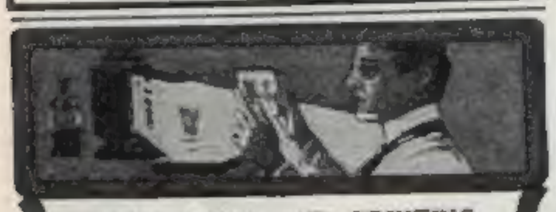

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The Copper King

(Concluded from Page 11)

"I didn't mean it to end this way. I thought to go on until I had taken the last dollar I could scrape and had made it do all the damage it could, and then—well, I never really thought beyond that. But the thing was taken out of my hands, and when I got your note I knew you were right—I knew it better than you did. Adele is nearly mad—she is delirious now, thank Heaven, but a little while ago, just before your note came, she knew what she was saying and she begged me to take her away. Lately she's been happier than I've known her to be in years. I didn't realize what the child meant to her until to-day. I rather think I've lost them both. I think she'll follow her baby, but perhaps——"

He pulled himself up with a start, and a deep flush sprang into his face. Then slowly his old scornful smile came back. "I don't know why I have been favoring you with this. You must have enjoyed it. But I won't detain you any longer. The price is just what you say. Name it and let's be done."

"I can't do that," said I, "until I know what your property is worth."

"What has that to do with it?" he demanded fiercely. "You can be as far on the safe side as you like."

I wanted to end our talk as much as he did, yet I could not for a while hit upon a way to conclude a bargain. But I got it presently.

"I say again," said I, "that you know better than you say. You know I did not ask for terms so that I could get an advantage over you. I want to be fair. Here's my suggestion. Have any competent engineer, your own chief engineer at the Crœsus, make me a report on the value of the property. Whatever he says it's worth, less incumbrances, I'll pay. And do the same with your smelter."

He said nothing, and when I glanced at him for reply I saw that his mouth was twitching.

"One other thing," I went on. "All that may take some time. If you are in a hurry to take Mrs. Stanley away and an advance would ——"

He interrupted me there. "We sha'n't have to call on your charity,"-he said sharply.

"But you assent to the rest of what I said? Shall we call it ended?"

For a second time he seemed not to hear my question. "We've fought it out and you've beaten me, and now it's done I'm glad of it. I've seen this fight and this result ever since we both came back from the West, and you ahead of me; ever since I saw her standing there in her gray dress, and you looking at her. I knew then we must fight it out, and that in the end you must beat me."

He rose from his chair unsteadily, and when we were on our feet facing each other an impulse that I can't name, not friendship, for that had died years ago, but the ghost of it, perhaps, made me hold out my hand to him.

He shook his head wearily, and said just what he had said when we talked once before: "It's too late for that, Drake."

So here I make an end of my story. The long struggle did not end without leaving its scar on me. I used to have a dream, for it was that more than it was a hope, that when the fighting was done I could order my life differently, and could give its last years a better significance. I wanted to live as father Jansen had lived, and instead of making war to go about trying to heal the hurts of the world as he did. But somehow the web is woven too tightly about me to be broken. I can give my money, to be sure, but it must be at the bidding of others, for my eyes don't see things clearly.

My son is growing up like his grandfather, high and generous in spirit, impatient not only of overt wrong and oppression but of all that has no better excuse than expediency.

I am glad that this is so, but there is a sting in it for me, too, for lately I have felt that his uncontaminated young ideals are uncomfortable in company with many of the grim realities which my life means to him. He will understand better, I think, when he has faced some of the realities for himself, and when that time comes, if I am not here to tell it to him, he shall read this story of mine, and I think it will make his father's memory a sweeter one.

Barget has been reading it as it was written. She is behind my chair now, and her hands are clasped over my forehead. She understands.

(THE END)

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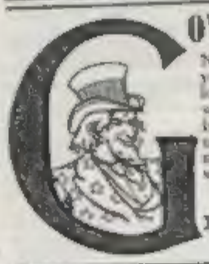

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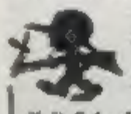

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Athletic Instructor of The Stone School of Scientific Physical Culture

Was formerly athletic director of Columbia College and the Knickerbocker Athletic Ass'n, New York. At present he is the athletic instructor of the Chicago Athletic Ass'n, where he has classes daily from 12 to 1, and from 4 to 6. He established the world's record for 100 yards sprint (9 4-5 seconds) and held it unbeaten until 1900. As Mr. Stone has been an athlete and an instructor in physical culture for 30 years, and is himself a physically perfect man at 52 years of age, it will readily be admitted that he is thoroughly capable of teaching others the science of self-development.

No apparatus whatever required and does not overtax the heart

WE are successfully teaching **The Stone Method** of Scientific Physical Culture to men and women in every part of the world. It requires only 10 minutes each day, in your own room, just before retiring, or upon arising, and you will be put to no expense aside from our modest fee.

The Stone Method is a system of concentrated exertion, by which more exercise is actually obtained in 10 minutes than by the use of apparatus two hours. The exercises are rational, moderate, and are taught by an instructor who is thoroughly versed in physiology. Our pupils are of both sexes and range in age from 5 to 85 years. **The Stone Method** embraces a thorough course in deep breathing **without extra expense.**

We take into consideration your present condition, occupation, habits, mode of living and object which you wish to attain, and give you instructions accordingly. You will follow the instructions one week, and then report, stating what the effect has been and what results you have accomplished, when instructions for another week will be sent you, and so on until the course is completed. We thus keep in touch with your progress and are enabled to advise you intelligently. Your case will be given the same careful consideration as though you were the only pupil.

FOR MEN

Conscientiously and systematically follow our instructions and we can promise you a fine, strong, well-developed physique, which bears every evidence of perfect manhood; a clear brain; a light step; a splendid circulation that will make itself known in a ruddy complexion; bright eyes; sound, easy-working lungs, with plenty of room in which to expand; an increased appetite, good digestion; an active liver; sound, restful sleep; a cheerful disposition; an erect carriage. If you are too fat we can reduce your weight to normal, and if you are too thin we can increase your weight to what it should be. In a word, we give you **greater strength, better health, LONGER LIFE.** Individual instruction is given in every case.

Children

Proper exercise early in life will prevent and correct stooped shoulders and develop children into strong, healthy, robust men and women. Our breathing exercises will overcome mouth breathing, the cause of chronic Catarrh. Proper exercise will also correct many deformities in children.

FOR WOMEN

Women receive quite as much benefit from **The Stone Method** as men. We can insure perfect health, a good complexion, and, when desired, an increased chest development; we can increase the weight or reduce it; we can fill out those hollow places and give the form that beautiful contour so much desired; we can also reduce the abdomen as surely as day follows night.

Mr. Stone is the only physical instructor paying special attention to women and children. He is ably assisted in this department by Mrs. Ellen Walker, who has had a very extensive experience, and who alone opens and answers letters of a private nature. Confidential letters may be addressed

"Mrs. Ellen Walker, care The Stone School."

It is impossible, in this limited space, to convey an adequate idea of the manifold advantages of **The Stone Method** of Physical Culture. We have prepared a booklet for men and one for women, which explain the system in detail and our plan of mail instruction, and we will send them **Free,** with Measurement Blanks and Testimonials, to any person who is interested. These booklets contain many photographs from life of those who have perfected themselves physically by **The Stone Method.** They show what YOU can attain. Write to-day. The booklets will prove interesting whether you wish to take instruction or not.

The Stone School of Physical Culture

1668 MASONIC TEMPLE, CHICAGO, ILL.

LONDON: 4 Bloomsbury Street, Near New Oxford Street, W. C.